NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

A Weekly Sporting Paper,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

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TRAINING FOR THE RING.

[Concluded.]

MEATS.

The only meat that, generally speaking, need be used in training is good beef and good mutton. All young meat, such as veal and lamb, all white flesh meat, whether game or poultry, are good for nothing. They contain no nourishment for the muscle. Soups, fish, pies, puddings, must be left to the club-house gourmands; they are poison to the boxer. His animal food should be rump-steaks (good ox-beef) and mutton (wether) chops, or cutlets from the leg, slightly broiled; and every particle of fat cut away. We here may as well observe, that the flesh of full-grown animals is ever preferable to that of young ones, and that of those which are naturally fed—on grass, &c., to that of those they pamper with grease and stimulants. All oily messes, melted butter, and buttered toast, and gravies, are to be eschewed; the meats taken directly after physicking and purging medicines have laid open the lacteals, should be dressed more than ordinarily, *i. e.* until all the redness disappears; it should then consist of boiled meat; and mutton, in every case, is the best. Of pork eat little, bacon none. After all is said and done, probably, we may add, that exercise and hard work will digest any food whatever; but take this into consideration at the same time, that such stomachs as can achieve this, must have been unused to the debauches of great towns. Dr. Armstrong says,

"Nothing so foreign but th' athletic man
Can labour into blood; the hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin.
The languid stomach curses ever the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its already feeble tone."

With respect to cooking meat for training, broiling is by far the best mode of dressing it for that purpose; as it is a much more perfect way of preventing the escape of juices than even the process of roasting. The great staple articles, we repeat, therefore, of training, are beef-steaks and mutton chops and cutlets, broiled and underdone, with the fat all carefully cut off before they are brought to table. The seasoning is also of the greatest importance; for by improper and high seasoning, all the other parts of the process of training, however carefully attended to, may be ruined. Mustard, pepper, and all hot spices are prohibited, as producing a high stimulus, and consequently reducing the volume of the muscles by absorption. We ought not, however, to object to a little plain mustard, if the underdone meat cannot otherwise be relished. Salt should be used in very small quantities, on account of its tendency to produce thirst. Salt provisions are not to be touched.

TIME AND QUANTITY OF EATING.

There is not a more imporpant part of the regimen to be observed by a person under training, than the time of taking his meals, and the quantity of food he ought to use In ordinary life, and more particularly in fashionable life, this is very erroneously managed; for nothing is more detrimental to health than irregular hours, long fasting between meals, and this followed by every kind of repletion. The trainers allow only two full and substantial meals in the day, namely, breakfast at eight, and dinner at two o'clock, according to Mr. Jackson; and at five o'clock, according to Mr. Hall, of Yorkshire. When the person cannot do without supper, a biscuit and a little cold meat are allowed at eight in the evening; but it is supposed that suppers of all kinds have an injurious effect upon the lungs, or, as they express it, on a man's wind. With deference, however, to these authorities, an early, light, and nutritive supper would greatly benefit the trainee, and prevent the bad consequences to the wind, of going to bed with a full stomach. The breakfast is *a la fourchette*, that is, a meat breakfast. Those accustomed to tea or coffee for breakfast, will find this one of the hardest rules to comply with. The dinner also consists of meat. As relates to quantity, the trainees are allowed to eat as much as they please, and it may be remarked that, confined as they are to one diet, with little variety of cooking or training, there is very little danger of their eating too much. The stomach is very easily satisfied with a single dish. The ancient athletæ, who did many very erroneous things, actually gorged themselves with food. It is remarked by Mr. Jackson, that little men eat as much as large men, and sometimes more; but this depends much on constitution and habit. Training sharpens the appetite, and therefore more food will be taken after it has been for some time persevered in than at first. One rule ought never to be dispensed with—viz., to have some evidence of the appetite, that a previous meal is digested before taking another.

BREAD.

Trainers should avoid giving their men London-made bread, which is anything but the staff of life. Light country-made bread, well baked, and two days old, is what the boxer is to eat with his meat, and the trainer should take care to have dry biscuit always at hand; a small bit taken as soon as the eyes open in the morning is an excellent absorbent of the accumulated mucus of the mouth, throat, and windpipe. And remember,

The opening of the eyes
Is the signal to arise.

The potato is the thing which best corrects the evil effects of London-made bread, as it also absorbs the oleagenous parts of the animal food; and whether our trainer and his man can or cannot procure country-made bread, they may in either case take good dry mealy patatoes with their meats, or mashed patatoes and milk alone (on physic days, &c.), nor will they hereby find inconvenience in the bowels, as to flatulency, which was so much deprecated by the trainers of the old school. Take no other vegetable, however, nor of patatoes an inordinate quantity.

Form of Articles for a Prize Battle.

"ARTICLES of agreement entered into this 1st day of January, 1852, between A. B. and C. D. The said A. B agrees to fight the said C. D. a fair stand-up fight in a four-and-twenty feet roped ring, half-minute time, according to the New Rules, by which the said A. B. and C. D. hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of one Hundred Pounds a side [or such other sum as may be agreed upon], and shall take place on [stating the day], within thirty miles of [the place and distance]. In pursuance of this agreement, ten pounds [or any other sum] a side are now deposited in the hands of Mr. E. F., who shall be the stakeholder [or in the hands of G. H., who shall transmit the same to Mr. E F., who shall be final stakeholder]. The second deposit of ten Pounds a side [or any other sum] shall be made at the house of [name the amount of future deposits, the days, and places in succession till the last deposit], on which occasion a toss shall take place to decide which man shall be entitled to name the place of meeting, of which one week's notice [or such other time as shall be agreed upon] shall be given to the loser of the toss. The said deposits shall be made between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the evening [or such other hours as may be agreed upon], and the party failing shall forfeit the money down. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of twelve and one o'clock [name the time], or the man absent to forfeit the battle-money. Two umpires shall be chosen on the ground, by whom a referee shall be chosen, to whom in the event of dispute all points shall be referred, and his decision shall be binding. That in the event of magisterial interference, the umpires and referee shall decide the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day [or the duty may be assigned to the stakeholder]. That the expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike [or by the winner, as may be agreed upon]. The stakes not to be given up, unless by mutual consent, till fairly won or lost by a fight. In pursuance of this agreement, we hereunto attach our names.

"A. B.
"Witness I. K. "C. D."

Variations may be made in this form—such as stipulating that the parties shall not exceed a certain weight, and shall go to scale at a certain time and place to be agreed upon.

Duties of Seconds and Bottle Holders.

IN choosing persons to perform the duties of Seconds and Bottle Holders, great discrimination ought to be observed, for upon the conduct of those persons much of the fate of a battle depends. They ought to be men well versed in the foregoing rules of the Ring, which they should study with care. They should be firm but cool, and dispassionate in their demeanour, confining their attention to their principal, on whom they should constantly keep their eyes, and not suffer themselves to be put out of temper by any observations made by others, nor indulge in foul and irritating language, which may provoke retort. Where necessity arises they should offer advice to their man, and forewarn him of danger, or the intentions of his antagonist; but this should be done calmly and quietly, for a man is often more injured than served by injudicious exclamations, which distract his attention, and not unfrequently lead to an opening, of which a clever opponent takes advantage. The seconds should themselves be good judges of the qualities of their man, and of the scientific means of attack and defence; and on ascertaining the peculiar tactics of the adversary they should suggest such manœuvres as are best calculated to counteract them. The bottle-holder should take care that his bottle is filled with pure water, and the second who holds the sponge, should take care that it is soft, and always kept clean. The moment the man is down, they should both go to him, and with their united strength lift him quietly up, and conduct him, with as little bustle and with as little exertion on his own part as possible to his own corner, where he should be seated gently on his bottle-holders knee: we have often seen more "taken out" of a man by the rough and uncouth manner in which he has been dragged about by his seconds than even by his exertions in the round—and the more a man is fatigued, the more mischievous this violence becomes. When a man is down, he should wait till assisted by his seconds, and not waste his own strength by unnecessary efforts. When seated, the second should wipe him calmly and tenderly. He should not shove back his head and pull him about, as we have often seen done, but suffer him to retain as natural a position as possible, and encourage him by cheerful and consolatory advice. A profuse use of cold water is by no means necessary, and the system of sousing a man with bottles of water is far from useful, as it tends to make him uncomfortable, by wetting his drawers, and damps rather than raises his spirits. A small quantity of water is sufficient to wash his mouth, and this ought not to be swallowed. In addition to a sponge, the seconds should be provided with a succession of soft dry handkerchiefs with which to dry the face, hands, and flesh of their man after they have been cleansed. This is a great comfort, especially after punishment. A bottle of brandy-and water should be in readiness when a stimulant becomes necessary after long exertion, but this should be used with moderation; and at times, especially in wet cold weather, about a table-spoonful of NEAT brandy may be given—this ought to be of the best quality. The more a man becomes exhausted, the more quiet and easy should be his handling, so that nature may have as much time as possible to recruit. A good deal of a man's confidence depends on the reliance he has on the judgment and skill of his seconds, who, by reporting to him the state of his opponent, and by encouraging words, give him new vigour. Where wounds have been inflicted, they should be treated with great delicacy, and we would advise the second to be provided with a little clean lint, which often stops bleeding, and after the fight is concluded, excludes the cold air,—a little strapping is also useful for immediate use after all is over, and should form part of the second's material as a provision against casualties. Much of a combatant's success depends upon the judicious directions to advance or retreat, to go in, or to keep out, to struggle for the fall, or to get down as occasion offers. We have often seen men dreadfully exhausted in the trial for the throw, which, even if obtained, would be of no real advantage. If the knuckles are injured they should be treated with gentleness, and the second should be provided with a little oakum to place in the ball of the hand to give it support—a hard substance would not only be unfair, but would, in truth, be of more injury than service, as the concussion to the injured joints would be internal as well as external. We never had faith in the profuse use of resin, and think the application of a dry towel to the hand would be far better, for the resin, upon being subsequently wiped off on the sponge frequently got transferred to the wounds on the face, and was far from desirable. The use of resin, however, is now properly barred. When "time" is called, the man should be lifted up from the knee, so that his strength may be husbanded as much as possible. The seconds are the best judges of the real state of their man, and whether he can, with a fair chance of winning, protract the contest. If they are satisfied he has not a chance, and cannot win, it is inhuman, merely for the purpose of displaying his "game," to subject him to unnecessary punishment, and they ought to give in for him. This, however, is a point which requires nice discrimination, and they should not be too ready to close their labours so long as their man possesses an equal degree of vigour with his opponent, combined with an inclination to prolong the struggle, and can walk firmly to the scratch. There are cases, however, in which no doubt exists, and where, merely to satisfy speculators, the risk of vital mischief ought not to be incurred. When the eye or eyes are so closed as to endanger total blindness, the slightest puncture of a lancet on the skin would often be found useful, and for this purpose a lancet might be in readiness, but to be used by a skilful hand. The battle once over, the man, if seriously injured, should be allowed to rest till he has regained his wind. He should be treated with great caution, and then removed to his carriage, where dry clothing should be in readiness for him. He should be wrapped up warmly, and conveyed with all diligence to bed, where he should be placed between the blankets, and if danger be apprehended, a medical man should be summoned without delay. Warm stimulants, such as tea, or a little very weak brandy-and-water warm, should be administered, and the man kept as quiet as possible till nature has resumed her functions. Bleeding should not be resorted to until reaction has taken place. Many instances have occurred in which, where bleeding has been effected, men have sunk beyond the reach of restoration—nature wants to be assisted, and not exhausted, and hence gentle stimulants and rest are the wiser modes of treatment. The mind, too, is often deeply affected by defeat, and if the man be taken from the ring in a state of insensibility, care should be taken not to forewarn him of his misfortune, but to cheer him by every possible device till danger is no longer to be apprehended.

If a foul blow be given, or any foul act be committed, the second should dispassionately make his appeal to his umpire, but still attend to his man as before, until the decision shall be given. It is as much the duty of the umpire as the second to take exception to any improper act; boisterous interference on the part of the latter therefore is unnecessary, and his principal may be suffering from his neglect.

Duties of Umpires and Referees.

In the selection of umpires care should be taken that they are persons perfectly acquainted with the rules af the Ring, and competent judges of the scene which is presented to them. As they will no doubt be chosen from the friends of each man, the presumption is that they will feel and act as partisans; but, as honourable men, they should avoid all captious objections, and while they strictly watch the progress of the fight, abstain from intemperate expressions of their own feeling, a decorum but too frequently forgotten. They should be strict in calling "time," and in all respects attend to the observance of the rules, uninfluenced by anything but their own sense of duty. Should they disagree they should at once appeal to the referee, and without hesitation submit to his decision. By a strict adherence to this advice, much confusion and loss of time may be avoided. All appeals to the umpires except by the seconds are strictly prohibited, and are greatly to be reprehended.

The referee is to be selected by the umpires, or with the mutual consent of the backers of the men. He should be a person of strict neutrality in his feelings, and perfectly impartial, and, we need not say, should have no personal interest in the issue of the battle. He, like the umpires, ought to be perfectly acquainted with the rules of the Ring, and enter upon his office with a firm determination to form his judgment upon those rules, liberally and fairly construed, and uninfluenced by the dictation of others. He should withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and in giving his decision it should be done without hesitation, and once given, it should not be retracted. In judging of a foul blow he should not confound accident with intention; and should be slow to pronounce that foul which his conviction leads him to believe was purely the effect of accident. Nevertheless, if it be an accident which command of temper or proper caution could have prevented, the guilty party would have no right to complain of a judgment against him. The strict enforcement of fair play and its demonstration, as has been so repeatedly urged, constitute the strongest argument in favour of prize fighting, and it is the duty of the referee to bear that fact in his mind, and not suffer the mere pretence of accident to operate as an excuse for what is obviously foul The referee is the fittest arbiter in these matters, and whatever may be his decision, it ought to be submitted to without cavil or dispute. Unless this be the case no gentleman will undertake the office, and it is the duty of all real friends of the Ring to sustain his authority. The attempts which have heretofore been made to intimidate the referee, and to create riot and confusion when his opinion is at variance with the wishes of interested parties, have done more to engender prejudice and justify hostility to prize-fighting, than all the arguments which the most profound but mistaken moralists could bring against it; and this, too, among that class who, upon principle, are disposed to countenance the sport as one, when properly conducted, peculiarly congenial to the British people, as well as useful in its results. Should the ring be broken in, the referee must reserve his opinion till he has the opportunity of giving a deliberate judgment, which no doubt will be in favour of the party "best entitled;" or should he be unable to satisfy his own mind, he has no other option than to direct the stakes to be drawn, or the fight to be renewed upon some more fortunate occasion. The articles may guide him on these points.

Coursing.

CAUTION TO KEEPERS OF GREYHOUNDS.—Died at Roker Baths, near Sunderland, on the 12th inst, that well known greyhound, named The Admiral, by the original Miner out of Teasdale's Countess. After death the body of the dog was opened and examined by a surgeon, who found that he had died of inflammation of the kidneys, ascribed to the stimulating effect of raw horseflesh eaten greedily, in a diseased state, by the dog, when in high condition. It is a somewhat curious fact, that the heart of the dog, which was perfectly healthy, was fully as large as that of any ordinary human being. The Admiral won the Clifton Cup at Lytham, in 1850, and divided several other good stakes. In his best days he was never led to or failed to kill his hare. At the time of his death The Admiral was becoming very valuable as a stallion.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—In the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, there occurs the subjoined piece of laborious ingenuity, upon which he greatly prided himself—

"LEWD DID I LIVE & EVIL I DID DWELL."

"This line," says he, "is the same backward as it is forward, and I will give any man five shillings apiece for as many as he can make."

THE RING.

The Championship.

We have received visits from both the claimants to the title of champion, but as yet nothing has been done. The Slasher declined attending at Mr. Leger's, on Wednesday, according to Broome's challenge, on the ground that Broome did not keep his appointment the previous week. Broome declines covering the £50 staked by the Slasher, because the time would not suit him. Each declares that the other does not mean fighting. It strikes us very forcibly that neither meanes business. £50 remains in our hands staked by the Slasher to fight at Broome's own time; but this Broome has not covered. He has however staked £10, and states that if the Slasher will meet him at our office at twelve o'clock on Wednesday next, he will make a match, and that he is willing to forfeit this £10 if he does not appear at the appointed time, provided that the Slasher will also agree to forfeit £10 if *he* is not present. It strikes us very forcibly that there is some under-current at work on one side or the other, which prevents this affair from progressing favourable, and we can assure both these aspirants to fame that, unless they can manage to settle matters in an amicable way, and according to general usage, we must decline noticing them in our columns. At any rate until a match is actually made we have done with the buisness of which we, as well as our readers, are heartily sick.—*Bell's Life, July* 17.

From Bell's Life, July 24.

The Championship.

A MATCH AT LAST.—The rival candidates for the Champion's Belt have at length contrived to agree to the terms upon which they shall meet on the 16th of January next, to contend for the Champion's Belt and 500 sovereigns. Broome did not attend at our office on Wednesday, being with his brother at Lewes, where the latter was awaiting his trial for his share in the Brighton card-cheating case. He, however, sent us a copy of articles, and a sum of 10*l*, in addition to 10*l*. already staked, thus making a first deposit of 20*l*. The articles, which are rather special in their form, will be found below. The Tipton Slasher was present at the appointed hour, and, having submitted the articles to his friends, who, rather than not have a match, consented to accept Broome's terms, duly signed the document and covered Broome's deposit. Now that the affair is arranged satisfactorily, we hope that there will be no impediment, and that the match will be decided in as manly and straightforward a way as the late gallant contest between Harry Broome and Harry Orme. The following is a copy of the articles:—

"ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this eighteenth day of July, 1853, between Henry Broome, of the Richard Cœur de Lion, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, London, of one part, and William Perry of Dudley, of the other part. The said parties have agreed to fight upon the following terms:—The stake to be two hundred and fifty pounds a side and the championship of England, the belt of which the said Henry Broome now holds. The said fight to take place not within two hundred miles of London; the place to be named by the Editor of *Bell's Life*, who is hereby appointed stakeholder and final referee; to which the parties hereby agree. That two umpires shall be chosen on the ground on the day of the fight, one to be chosen by each party; and, in case of any dispute between the said umpires when appointed, or in case such umpires should not be appointed, then the decision of such final referee to be final and conclusive in all matters in any way relating to the said fight, or the terms of these conditions. That in case of any legal interference on the day of the fight, or at any time previous thereto, rendering either of the parties liable or amenable to the law for any such breach of any of the conditions herein contained, or in case of the breach of any of the conditions herein contained, or any of them, then the said final referee is hereby empowered and fully authorized to act in the matters, or any of them, as he may think right and proper. That, notwithstanding any of the provisions herein contained, it shall not be lawful for the said final referee to part with the said stakes, or any part thereof, until the same has been fairly won by fighting by one or other of the said parties, unless in case of death or loss of limb, in which case the money of each party shall be returned; or unless in case of default of any of the parties making the deposits, as herein-after mentioned, in which case the said final referee is fully empowered to act as in the last clause is provided, subject, nevertheless, to the decision being in pursuance of the new rules. That it is admitted that each party has deposited the sum of 20*l*. in the hands of the said referee as part of the said stakes. That the second deposit of 30*l*. by each shall be made on the 18th day of August next; the further sum of 25*l*. each on the 21st day of September next; the further sum of 25*l*. each on the 19th day of October next; the further sum of 50*l*. each on the 14th day of December next; and the final deposit, of 100*l*. each, on the 11th day of January next. That the deposits shall be made at a place to be agreed upon between the said parties, within ten days from the date hereof. The said fight shall take place on Monday, the 16th day of January, 1854, subject as aforesaid. That the said fight shall take place in a 24 feet roped ring, half minute time, and, in every particular in accordance with the new rules. Each party to have a week's notice of the place where the fight is to take place. Lastly, that in case of any omission in these articles to meet any circumstances that may arise, then and in such case the said parties hereto hereby constitute the said final referee as referee between them, and his decision alone shall be final and conclusive in all respects whatsoever.

"Witness to the signing by Henry Broome.

HENRY BROOME,
WILLIAM PERRY."

John Sherman.

Fight between Bill Barry and Joe Wareham, for £25 a side.

This mill came off, as anounced on Monday last, under very adverse circumstances, both as regards the state of the weather and the means adopted for reaching the spot fixed for the settlement of the question at issue (the well-known battle field in Long Reach). The rain poured down in torrents during almost the entire day, and to add to the discomfort of the Fancy, on arriving at Blackwall it was discovered that the boat that had been chartered by Jemmy Welsh, to convey the combatants and their admirers to the scene of action, had broken down, and that owing to the number of excursions fixed for that day, every other steamboat was engaged, and no conveyance could be obtained for love or money. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to trust to chance, and the assembled multitude were compelled to make the best of their way to the trysting place, some by Gravesend steamer to Greenhithe, from whence they enjoyed a pleasing (?) walk of between three and four miles, partly on the top of the sea wall, and partly across the swampy marshes to Long Reach; and others by steamer to Purfleet, from which place they crossed the river in ferry boats to the field. Both the combatants went to Greenhithe, but Welsh chartered a small sailing boat, in which Barry was conveyed to the tilt ground, and was thus saved the fatigue of walking; while Wareham, who did not reach Greenhithe until somewhat later, had to trust entirely to his ten toes, and consequently did not arrive on the ground quite so fresh as his opponent. All were assembled by three o'clock, and as the commissary was among the first arrivals, and had pitched the ring at once, there was nothing to wait for, and the men immediately proceeded to their toilettes—Barry attended on by Jemmy Welsh and Jack Grant, and Wareham by Curly Harrison and Hawkes. Barry, whose only appearance, prior to this occasion, was with Batchelor, over whom he obtained an easy victory, in 1852, is only 23 years of age; he is a powerful, well-made young fellow, possessed of very considerable scientific attainments, and is likely to make a figure among men of his weight (9st 2lb). From the confidence his friends placed in his skill, he was backed very freely, and quickly became the favourite in the betting. The Brums, whose bump of cautiousness had been considerably increased by the result of the fight between Jerry Noon and George Lane, were rather backward in their investments, and the London division were unable to lay out a single shilling at less than 2 to 1, at which odds some money was speculated. Wareham, who is considerably older than his adversary, and weights about 9st 10lb, is well known in the Birmingham school, and has always been looked upon as a game, resolute fellow of great strength, but possessing few pretensions to skill in the use of his digits. It was thought, however, that his experience in the P. R., combined with his superiority in weight and strength, would compensate for any falling off on this head; and hence the confidence of his friends in backing him against a man like Barry. Among the men who have contended with Wareham are Tom Lane, Cotterel, and Cox, who defeated him, and Jeffries, Hill, and Evans, who had to succumb to his powers. As will be seen by our account of the fight, the result fully bore out the confidence of the Londoners, and proved another lesson to the Birmingham division, showing that weight and strength, combined with the rushing system, will avail nothing against judgment, coolness, and science united in a man possessed of almost equal strength.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On stripping, it would have been supposed that Barry was the bigger man; his muscle was more developed, and there was altogether more the appearance of an athlete about him than about his adversary; his attitude, moreover, was artistic, and evidently that of an accomplished master of the art; while Wareham stood square and awkward, as if undetermined what to be at. He did not stand long, however, but, after a few feints, dashed at his man, hit out round and wild with both hands, and missed. Barry returned slightly on the forehead, and, in getting back from another rush slipped down.

2. Wareham again went in like a bull at a gate, but was stopped with the greatest ease, and Barry returned heavily with his left on the cheek. This led to some slight exchanges, in which Wareham hit open-handed on the left side of Barry's head, and received slightly on the cheek in return. Wareham again dashed out his left and right wildly, out of distance, whereupon Barry stepped in, planted his left heavily on Wareham's smeller, and drew the cork. It was a rattling hit, and made master Joe's head shake again. It did not appear to daunt him, however; he rattled in again, but got it heavily twice on the conk and once on the cheek, when he closed, and both were down.

3. Wareham came up with the tap turned on from his snout; he quickly went to work, but was easily stopped, and was again receiver-general, Barry planting his left with great severity twice in succession on his snuff box. Wareham then closed, but after a short struggle was thrown.

4. Wareham, as usual, dashed out boldly left and right, but without precision. He tried again, but was stopped, and on making a third effort was met by another left-handed spank on the nozzle. He immediately closed, when Barry threw and fell heavily on him.

5. Wareham led off, and succeeded in reaching Barry's nut with his left and right, but the blows appeared to be open-handed, and no mischief was done. Barry steadied himself, made his left twice heavily on the nose, received another tap on the side of the head, and, in stepping back, slipped down.

6. Barry in this round opened the session, went to his man, and planted his left heavily on the forehead, received a little one on the side of the head, and after some random exchanges, Wareham got down.

7. Wareham rattled in left and right, but was easily stopped; he came again and received a heavy right-hander on the side of his knowledge-box, and then a spank on the gob from Barry's left. This did not stall him off; he rushed at it again, and got a tremendous right-hander on the left jaw, which staggered him. He bored into a close and both were down.

8. Barry feinted to draw his man, who immediately came in, but only to receive a heavy one two, on the nose and forehead. He quickly closed, and, after a short struggle, both were down, Barry under.

9 and last. Wareham came up bleeding from his smeller and kissing organ. He attempted to take the lead, was easily stopped, and received a heavy hit on the forehead, and another on the sneezer. He then closed, and, after a short bout for the fall, got down on his knees. He was carried to his corner where his seconds proceeded as usual to do the needful, when, to their surprise, as well as to the astonishment of his backers, he declared that he would fight no more—he felt that he was over matched and had no chance of winning, and that he might as well give in at first as at last, as, if the battle continued, he could only get a severe pounding without a chance of retaliation. There was no reasoning against such an argument as this, and his seconds had no alternative but to throw up the sponge; and Barry was declared the victor, after fighting *fourteen minutes*. He left the ring without a scratch; and his opponent, beyond a sausage-like appearance at the end of his proboscis was equally scatheless.

REMARKS.

To make many remarks on such an encounter as this would be simply absurd. The Brum's have made another great mistake in backing one who can be only designated as a good rough against one of the rising stars of the London Ring. It is entirely useless to bring forward men of Wareham's calibre to contend in the London P.R. with men who are constantly in the habit of measuring their powers against the most scientific boxers of the day, and until the Birmingham men take more pains to qualify themselves by practising the art which they profess, they will stand but little chance anywhere except among men of their own class. Many persons will doubtless blame Wareham for giving up so easily and with so little punishment, but we are inclined to think that he exercised a very sound discretion. He never had the ghost of a chance from the beginning, and why he should persevere merely for the purpose of receiving punishment we cannot conceive; it would have been an uninteresting spectacle to witness, and could have been attended with no good result. Barry is a good two-handed fighter, and has much improved since his fight with Bachelor; he is yet very young and we are inclined to think will, ere long, make some stir in the P. R. The money is to be handed to Barry at Jemmy Welsh's, the George, East Harding-st., Farringdon Market, on Wednesday next.

JONES of Portsmouth says, his reason for not making a match with Hayes was that his friends would not come forward to back him as they promised, and as no final settlement has yet been made with him respecting his late fight with Donnelly, he does not wish to stake his own money alone.

PADDOCK AND NOBBY CLARKE.—We are informed by Jem Molyneux that £5 a side is down for a match between these men for £100 a side, and that they are to meet tomorrow (Monday) at the Vine Tap, Charlotte-street, Liverpool, to increase the stakes to £20 a side and draw articles.

Fife and Drum Match.

JULY 4th.

The day was as fine as could be desired and on this occasion a contest, which deserves more than ordinary notice, was fixed for decision, but our space will not permit us to give more than a brief notice of the musical treats which were listened to by at least 12,000 persons. It appears that, some years since, Mr. Jennison knowing that many youths living in towns and villages had formed themselves into bands for improvement in music, determined to give prizes to be competed for. This year the sum of £10 was given, the entry for each band being 10s. each. Eight bands contended, and the judges awarded the prizes as follows:—First, St. Mary's flute and drum band, Preston (20 performers), 7*l.*; the second was awarded to the Preston Temperance (26 in number), 3*l.* 10s.; the third to the Oldham Borough, value 2*l.*; and the 4th to the Ashton-under-Lyne band of Hope, to 1*l.* The town which has again achieved a victory may well claim to be "proud Preston," and in many respects, as it very recently fell to our lot to record one of the greatest matches at pigeon shooting which ever took place—200 birds each for 200*l.* a side—on which occasion Mr. Seed, of Preston, won; and now (as they did last year) for proficiency in music Preston bears off, not only the first, but also the second prize; and we may be excused for saying, that the bands of Preston are, in our opinion, on the balance, as it is difficult, even, with competent and long practised skill, to say which is the best of the two.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

The Sullivan and Morrissy Match. Letter from Sullivan.

REGATTA AT KEYPORT.

The Official Challenge of the Southwark Engine Co.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT CHALLENGE.

YACHT RACE AT SKANEATELES.

NEW PHILADELPHIA YACHT.

&c. &c. &c. &c.

The Prize Fight Match.

In last week's Clipper we published a letter from a person named Somersfield, in which he offered to bet $5,000 to $3,000 that Sullivan would he defeated inside of thirty rounds. A friend of Sullivan's called at the place designated to accept the challenge, but could not procure an interview with Somersfield, although he waited a considerable time. On Monday last we received a letter from Mr. Somersfield, of which the following is an extract:—

The Challenge Accepted.

Dear Clipper.—My challenge in reference to the match pending between Sullivan and Morrissy has been accepted. When I transmitted the challenge to your paper, I deemed that it was your intention to have taken no notice of it, by your not inserting it at an earlier time. I therefore found a person who accepted my challenge, before its appearance in your paper.

JOHN J. SOMERSFIELD.

BROOKLYN, August 4.

Wishing to convince ourselves of the truth of the above, we visited Brooklyn on Monday last, but were unsuccessful in obtaining any additional facts. We merely give the above extract from a long letter sent to us on the subject. If Mr. Somersfield is sincere in what he speaks of, we should be pleased to see the articles of agreement binding the bet, otherwise we shall place but little confidence in the statement. It is our aim to give a true account of all sporting items of interest; and if certain persons think to make the columns of the Clipper a vehicle for the dissemination of mere hearsay statements or bets on paper, they will find themselves mistaken. What says Mr. Herbert?

In regard to the contemplated match, everything remains perfectly quiet; and we must give it as our settled opinion that the *proposed fight will not take place!* One of the parties, we are fully convinced, will *pay his forfeit.*

Since the above was written, we have re- the following letter from Mr. Sullivan. lks for itself.

To the Editor of the Clipper.

Letter from Sullivan.

Money to be put up on the 1st September.

SIR—According to the appointment made with the California Champion, (?) I will be ready with my money at the house of Mr. Fays, corner of Whitehall and Bridge-streets, on the 1st of next month, and if either party absents himself, the absentee shall be deemed a coward.

In regard to the $5,000 challenge of the Brooklyn man, there is but little dependence to be placed on it. His $5,000 is all moonshine.

If any of the friends of Morrissy have money to bet, 2 to 1, as boasted of, they can be accommodated by calling on me at 82½ Chatham-street. After the 1st of next month, perhaps, they can receive a better offer.

Yours,

JAMES SULLIVAN.

[For the Clipper.]

A Challenge.

Having heard that *James Hayman* wishes to fight me, I will fight *him*, or any other 150 lb. man, in the State of New York; my money is ready, from three to five hundred dollars a side, at either Izzy Lazarus, No. 4 James street, or James Sullivan, 82½ Chatham street, any evening during this month.

Yours respectfully,

Harry Gribbon.

California Prize Fight.

This long talked of prize fight for $3,000 and the Championship, took place on the 10th of July last, at Sonora. An immense assemblage witnessed the battle, and after 17 rounds had been fought, O'Niel was declared the victor. A foul blow was alleged to have been given, but it was not so decided by the referee. We have not as yet receivd full pa rticulars.

Boat Race at Philadelphia.

A boat race came off on the Delaware River on Monday last. The following boats entered:—

Ben Sharp,	Scrub,
Shiffler,	Sneak,
Frolic,	Viola,
Post Boy,	

and others, whose names we could not procure.

The distance sailed was to Billingsport and back.

The Shiffler took the prize, having arrived at the starting-point about ten minutes in advance of the second boat, the others being pretty well scattered.

New Philadelphia Yacht.

A new yacht, called the John S. Keyser, was recently launched at Philadelphia, and report says she is a fast sailer. She left Philadelphia, a few days since, on a trip to this city, where it is probable she will be matched against some of our New York clippers.

The Fire Engine Controversy.

THE SOUTHWARK AND HER EASTERN COMPETITORS.

The following letter we received after our last week's issue had been worked off:

Providence, August 2d.

I was a little startled at beholding in the CLIPPER of July 30th, a short paragraph in which it is stated that, "although the Southwark threw her stream to the greatest height, yet the prize was awarded to a Providence company." This is a mistake, Friend Clipper, as I think you will acknowledge on a perusal of the following statistics which may be relied on for accuracy.

Gaspee	of	Providence,	143 feet.
Empire	"	Fair Haven,	137 "
Rhode Island	"	Pawtucket,	133 "
Quinnipiack	"	Fair Haven,	129 "
Neamung*	"	New London,	125 "
Southwark	"	New York,	121 "
Red Jacket*	"	Williamsburg,	113 "

* Those marked with asterisks burst their hose.

Thus it will be seen that the Southwark was beaten by five of her six competitors, even though the Rhode Island company of Pawtucket burst the cap to their engine, their stream was higher by 12 feet than the Southwark's; and that the Neamungs, of New London, although they had the misfortune to burst their hose, were ahead of their New York brethren by 4 feet. As to the statement respecting the hose of the Gaspee, it is too ridiculous to notice. Think you, friend Clipper, that the detraction of 60 or 80 feet from the proper length would not have attracted attention from the authorities on that occasion?

Again, even granting that deduction, would it not be more than folly to suppose that the other four engines that beat the Southwark could all have performed the same trick without detection? But enough of this. It is too palpable to need further discussion.

The Southwarks, if they really wish it, can soon have an opportunity to win back their laurels. There is to be a Firemen's Convention in this city, similar to that lately held in New Haven, only to be on a much more extended scale. Not only New England, but nearly all the middle States are to be well represented in the grand struggle. The precise day is not fixed upon, but it is pretty well understood that it will either be the last of this, or the beginning of next month (September). Five judges are to be chosen that no partiality may be complained of. One of these judges is to come from Philadelphia, one from New York, one from Baltimore, one from Boston, and one from Providence. It is to be hoped that the Southwark engine will be among the crowd, that all may be satisfied as to her merits or demerits.

Yours truly,

PROVIDENCE.

The fact seems undeniable that the Southwark played through a greater length of hose than either of her competitors, though this was the fault of the Company in neglecting to make a current measurement. Our Providence friend must have learned that, at the trial of the Southwark on the day following the celebration, with the correct measurement of those, that engine played to a greater height than either of those on the previous day; consequently, had the proper precaution been taken in the measurement of hose on the first day, the Southwark would have been declared the victor. However, as the forthcoming match at Providence will, doubtless, be conducted with fairness and precision, we have no doubt that the Southwark will be able to give a good account of herself, though our opinion is that Philadelphia will carry off the prize.

The New York Firemen.

Challenge of Southwark Engine Co.

STAKES $2,500.

WHERE'S THE GASPEE!

We stated in our last that arrangements were in progress, to prove that the New York Firemen would give the New Haven and Providence brethren a chance to prove to the public who was rightfully and justly entitled to the New Haven prize. The following official document speaks for itself. Will the Gaspee come to time?

The Firemen's Tournament.

TO THE GASPEE ENGINE COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

Gentlemen:—The Southwark Engine Company, No. 38, believing the prize at the recent festival in New Haven was awarded you unfairly, and in view of the articles in the public prints relative to their supposed action, wish to disclaim any privity or publicity in them. The only action taken by them was on the evening of the 4th instant, when the undersigned were appointed a committee, to take such measures in the premises as seemed most proper for their reputation.

The communication from "An Engine Builder," with whom they had a controversy years ago, relative to the merits of their respective engines, was supposed to be quieted at that time by the non-acceptance, on his part, of the respective propositions then made, and is only alluded to now in deference to the misrepresentations already made and anticipated.

Believing, however, from a recent communication of yours, that you are disposed to afford an opportunity to those who disagreed with the doings at New Haven, to test the power of their respective engines (though doubting whether the time is long enough to prove their capacity for the purposes "for which they were built"), they hereby challenge your company to play them with the engines then and there used, at New Haven, through four hundred and fifty feet of hose, for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, the time of such playing and the preliminaries thereof to be arranged by a sub-committee of one or three at New Haven, or some other equally convenient place for both parties, within seven days from this date, at which time five hundred dollars on each side shall be placed in the hands of a responsible party agreeable to both of us, with the further sum of one thousand dollars in ten days thereafter, and the balance, one thousand dollars, on the morning of the proposed playing. Either party failing to appear and play the match, to forfeit the sum deposited.

D. BERRIEN,
JULIAN BOTTS,
JAMES TAYLOR,
JAMES J. BEVINS,
ROBERT MCGINNIS,
ALEX K. HACKETT,
CHARLES MCDOUGALL,
} Committee.

New York, August 8, 1853.

That's what we call plain talk, and we hope the Gaspee will find no difficulty in understanding it. The Gaspee men have had a great deal to *say* in the Providence papers since the late match, and it now remains for them to show what they can *do*. We hope Mr. *Waterman*, the builder of the ———, of New Britain, will now come out and challenge Mr. John *Agnew*, the builder of the Southwark. Come, Waterman, you *seemed* very anxious last week to make a wager on the superiority of your workmanship; now is the time to convince the public that what you *said* you *meant*. Bring out Mr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, or forever after hold your peace.

Keyport Regatta.

Great Yacht Race to take place in September.

The exciting sail-boat regatta, that came off last week in the Lower Bay, opposite Keyport, N. J., for a purse of $50, given by J. Van Buskirk, Esq., was contended for with considerable zeal by the owners and favorites of the boats entered in the contest. The principal boats that were entered in the race, on the payment of $5 by the owners of each craft (for the sweepstakes, to be added to the prize of $50), were the *E. T. Blodgett, Alfred A. Phillips*, and the *C. V. Clickener*, of Hoboken. The breeze was very light, and the *Blodgett* had no chance of winning the race. There were numerous other beautiful sail-boats that accompanied the three contestants in the regatta, and the fastest craft in the race was announced to be the *Clickener*, which returned to the Keyport dock four minutes ahead of her competitors. The Judges declared the prize to be won by this vessel. There was a large number of persons from New York, New Jersey, and Staten Island present to witness the sport. The distance selected was from the Keyport wharf to the "Light House," situated on the southern point of Staten Island. During the race the Bay was filled with a fleet of small boats, with both canvas and oars. At the termination of the match, a sumptuous collation was served at the Pavilion Hotel, and the amusements of the day were closed with a cotilion in the spacious dining-room.

We learn that a great regatta is to come off next September, in the vicinity of Keyport, which will be contended for by an English yacht and a new-modelled craft now building, under the management of Mr. E. T. Blodgett, at Keyport. The prize to be awarded will not be less than $500 for the winning boat. These yacht races in our harbor are becoming more and more frequent, and considerable interest in them is manifested by various parties residing in this city, Philadelphia, and along the shores of the harbor.

For the Clipper.

Cricket at the Red House.

Preparations for the Match with the Canadians.—Monday, Aug. 8.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

According to previous announcement, a portion of the members of the two city clubs, attended at the St. George's Club Ground, on Monday last, in connection with a few members of the Newark club. The game commenced about 12 o'clock, by Messrs. Sharp and Blackburn choosing sides; Sharp, Dockery, Wright, Fletcher, Harvey and others against Blackburn, Cuyp, Wilson Richards, Rand, Burton, and others. On the side of Mr. Blackburn, Wilson was very good, making 13 runs; of the other batters I have not much to say, except as to Mr. Burton, a young player, whose batting bids fair to place him in the foremost rank; he is also a good wicket-keeper, having stopped some very awkward balls. I think he would have proved an acquisition in the coming match with the Canadians, had he been among those selected. Dockery obtained 30 runs in excellent style, one of which was a six from Wilson, one a four, and several two's. Wright and Fletcher showed well in their batting. I was not able to procure the score.

The forthcoming match with the Canadians will be a fine affair. I am sorry to see so much ill-feeling existing between the two city clubs in regard to the match. I think it would have been much better had an eleven been chosen by the New York Club, without the aid of St. George's. It could have been done. The meeting on Monday was for the purpose of deciding who should form the eleven to meet the Canadians.

A LOVER OF CRICKET.

Our correspondent will see that we have taken the liberty of condensing his communication, inasmuch as the early hour at which we go to press would prevent its being used on account of its length. We shall be happy to hear from him again, and, if possible, to procure the score of the games in which he participates.—EDITOR.

THE TURF.

Trotting at Saratoga.

A trotting match will take place over the Saratoga Course, on Saturday, August 13, between Black Douglass, of Philadelphia, and Centreville, of New York, for a purse and stake of $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, o wagons.

Tipton Slasher and the Champion.

A match has at last been made between the Tipton Slasher and Harry Broome, the Champion of England, for $2,500 aside and the Championship. The particulars will be found in our foreign sporting department. The fight is to take place in January next.

Yacht Race at Stonington.

On Monday next we understand a regatta is to take place at Stonington, on which occasion several yachts from this city and Philadelphia will participate.

Regatta at Skaneateles.

The tenth annual regatta of the Skaneateles Yacht Club came off on the 4th inst. Skaneateles was thronged with visiters, to see the sport, but the weather proved somewhat unfavorable, and the boats failed to make the run in the time allowed. The Blue Bell was ahead, when the wind died away, and another trial was to be made next day. The Skaneateles *Democrat* says:—

At the hour of starting quite a breeze sprang up from the northwest, which enabled the contesting boats to make the first run, the distance round the stake boats, in two hours and thirty minutes.

The number of boats entered as competitors for the prizes was nine, and are as follows:—

Julia, Skaneateles, Captain J. R. Fitch.

Jilt, Skaneateles, Captain J. Roosevelt.

Ashland, from Aurora, Captain D. M. Carr.

Life Boat, Skaneateles, Captain H. R. Leed.

Island Queen, Springport, Captain J. Carr.

Alida, Skaneateles, Captain Thomas Shallish.

Flying Cloud, Seneca Falls, Captain L. H. Carr.

Blue Bell, Skaneateles, Captain E. H. Potter.

Tempest, Skaneateles, Captain E. Eckhart.

Amazon, Skaneateles, Captain John Beauchamp.

FIRST RUN ROUND STAKE BOATS.

Four o'clock thirty minutes—the Blue Bell has just rounded the last stake boat four minutes ahead of the Island Queen! and a loud huzza—and another—and another rend the air.

Second boat round—the Island Queen, three-fourths of a minute ahead of the Flying Cloud, and a loud shout went up from the multitude who thronged the steamboat wharf and docks.

7 O'CLOCK, P. M.—The wind having pretty much gone down. The foremost boats are now rowing in, having failed in accomplishing the sail by the required time.

The Regatta will come off to-morrow, the wind permitting.

A side bet of $50 was made by persons in the crowd, in front of the *Democrat* office, that the Flying Cloud would beat the Bell to-morrow on the $200 race.

It is deeply regretted that there was not sufficient wind afloat to have wound up the affair to-day.

The Amazon ran on a snag and capsized off Shotwell's Brook; the crew were taken off by a stake boat. Thus ended the first day of the Regatta, without accomplishing the desired end.

The distance run was about twenty-five miles.

The Poor Chinese.

The efforts made by the Herald proprietors and others, to assist the Chinese Theatrical Company to reach their native land, have so far proved unsuccessful. They do not wish to become a burthen to our citizens, by enrolling themselves in the ranks of the Alms House; and as we are not troubled with emigrants from China, as with other nations, it is to be sincerely hoped that those who can afford it will contribute a mite to their relief. The interest manifested by the Herald in their behalf speaks well for that journal. Had the poor Chinese been able to *carry an election through*, the city journals generally would have stretched forth a helping hand towards them, "Old Mortality" especially.

Beautiful Paintings.

The splendid assortment of engravings of all kinds offered for sale by Mr. E. E. Rogers, at his Gallery No. 150 Fulton street, should induce many of the strangers now in this city to avail themselves of the present opportunity to procure a supply. Every variety and style on hand, and the terms unusually reasonable.

Can be had Regular.

We receive letters from other cities, in which the writers wish to know how they can procure the Clipper regular. Either of our wholesale agents will supply all orders, with regularity aud despatch. Send on your orders.

Marriage of Lola Montez.

This lady was married on the 1st of July last, at San Francisco, to a Mr. Patrick Purdy Hull, a gentleman engaged in the newspaper business. What will Mr. Hield say?

Another Horrible Murder.

Another horrible murder was perpetrated on Tuesday last, by some person or persons connected with the Camden and Amboy Railroad line. Until an example is made of some of these murderers, by hanging them up, we fear there will he no decrease in railroad murders.

The Family Friend.

In our last edition we noticed the neat and interesting sheet published by Radway & Co., 162 Fulton-st., New York. We by mistake called it the Family Guardian. It is furnished to subscribers at 25 cents per annum.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUGUST 13, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

Wholesale Agents

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Before the Revolution.

As every thing relating to the causes which brought about the revolutionary struggle is eagerly sought after by the friends of liberty and independance, we give the following extracts from newspapers published previous to the revolution. They will serve to throw light on the history of the times:

"*New York, November* 4, 1765.—The late extraordinary and unprecedented preparations in Fort George, and the securing of the Stamped Paper in that garrison, having greatly alarmed and displeased the inhabitants of this city, a vast number of them assembled last Friday evening in the commons, from whence they marched down the Fly, preceded by a number of lights, and having stopped a few minutes at the Coffee House, proceeded to the Fort Walls, where they broke open the stable of the L—t G——r, took out his coach, and after carrying the same through the principal streets of the city, in triumph marched to the commons, where a gallows was erected; on one end of which was suspended the effigy of the person whose property the coach was. In his right hand he held a stamped Bill of Lading, and on his breast was affixed a paper with the following inscription, '*The Rebel Drummer in the year* 1715,' at his back was affixed a drum, the badge of his profession; at the other end of the gallows hung the figure of the devil, a proper companion for the other, as 'tis supposed it was entirely at his instigation he acted: after they had hung there a considerable time, they carried the effigies, with the gallows entire, being preceded by the coach, in a grand procession to the gate of the fort, where it remained for some time, from whence it was removed to the Bowling Green, under the muzzles of the fort guns, where a bon-fire was immediately made, and the *drummer, devil*, and *coach*, &c., were consumed amidst the acclamations of some thousand spectators, and we make no doubt, but the L—t G——r, and his friends, had the mortification of viewing the whole proceeding from the ramparts of the fort: But the business of the night not being yet concluded, the whole body proceeded with the greatest decency and good order to Vauxhall, the House of M—r J——s, who, it was reported, was a friend to the Stamp Act, and had been over officious in his duty, from whence they took every individual article to a very considerable amount; and having made another bon-fire, the whole was consumed in the flames, to the great satisfaction of every person present; after which they dispersed, and every man went to his respective habitation. The whole affair was conducted with such decorum, that not the least accident happened.

"The next evening another very considerable body assembled at the same place, having been informed that the L—t G——r had qualified himself for the distribution of the Stamped paper, were determined to march to the fort, in order to insist upon his delivering into their hands, or to declare that he would not undertake to distribute the same; but before this resolution could be executed, the minds of the people were eased by the L—t G——r's sending the following declaration from the fort, viz:—

"'THE Lieut. Governor declares he will do nothing in Relation to the Stamps, but leave it to Sir Henry Moore, to do as he pleases on his arrival. *Council Chamber, New York, November* 2, 1765. *By Order of his Honor.* WM. BANYAR D. Cl. Con.

"'We can assure the Gentlemen of the neighboring Provinces, That every Importer of European Goods in this City, have agreed not to Import any Goods from England next Spring, unless the Sugar Act, and the Oppressive and Unconstitutional Stamp Act are repealed.'"

* * * * * *

A Touching Incident.—The following incident lately came under our observation, and as we are personally acquainted with one of the parties, we can vouch for the truth of the story:—A few years ago, a young man, a native of Philadelphia, held a situation in one of our manufacturing houses down town. One day, a dejected looking person called in at the workshop, and applied for work, but as there was no room for him, his application was in vain. While resting himself, he related to the workmen his misfortunes, and concluded by saying that he had had nothing to eat since the morning of the previous day. The hearts of the workmen were touched, and all expressed their sorrow for his misfortunes, but no "material aid" was offered until our young friend stepping up to the workmen, said he pitied him all he had about him, which was a couple of dollars. He then called on each workman and succeeded in raising a sum sufficient to keep the man from starving until he could obtain work. He tried to return his thanks, but his heart was too full for utterance.

"The heart feels most, when the lips move not,
And the eyes speak a gentle good-bye."

He left the shop, and was seen no more, and the circumstance was forgotten.

A few weeks since, the young man who had exerted himself to assist a fellow mechanic, arrived in this city in search of employment, for he too had been unfortunate since the events before narrated, having gone back to Philadelphia, where he had passed through many severe and suffering scenes until he was once more compelled to seek a subsistence in another city. On arriving here, he endeavoured to procure employment, but without success, and was about giving up in dispair when he resolved to make one more trial. On entering the workshop, he made known his wants to the foreman, who instantly seemed to recognize in the features of the applicant the countenance of the young man who had befriended him in other days. He questioned him, and the answers he received fully convinced him that he was correct, and in the next ment he shook him cordially by the hand, while the tears flowed down his cheeks thick and fast. It was a touching and a happy meeting. The once benefactor was now the supplicant, and the once starving mechanic had now the opportunity of repaying the debt of gratitude he had incurred in his days of adversity. And well did he repay it. He immediately placed the applicant in a capacity where he is now earning a salary of no mean importance. A good deed will never be forgotten, and "bread cast upon the waters," may return in after years to feed and assist the needy. Let us endeavour to profit by this little incident, and when we have the means and the opportunity, let us try to relieve the wants and the necessities of others.

* * * * * *

In School again.—Teacher—What is this I hold in my hand?

Boy—A piece of glass.

Teacher—What can you do with it?

Boy—Scrape slate pencils.

Teacher—That 'ill do. You can have the rest of the day holiday to catch mad dogs.

* * * * * *

Funnigraphy.—Wat kant b qrd must b ndurd.

* * * * * *

The Worlds Fair.

They're gathering—they're gathering
With all their handy work;
Their broadcloths and their calicoes,
For Christian, Jew or Turk.
There's cabinet work—there's cutlery,
There's plated ware—and watches;
Nails, hammers, axes, ploughs and hoes,
Locks, keys and patent latches.

They're gathering—they're gathering,
With wooden ware and stone,
Clocks, rat traps, cages, knives and forks,
Pearl handles—ivory—bone.
With gum elastic shoes and robes,
Pegg'd boots and patent leather;
Hats, caps and bonnets made of straw,
To suit the summer weather.

They're gathering—they're gathering,
From North, South, East and West,
To look on *this*, and then on *that*,
And see which is the best.
Our city prospers, while her sons
Resolve none e'er shall whip her
In bustling strife or peaceful trade,
While we have the *New York Clipper*
for sale by all Newsdealers.

* * * * * *

Arabian Proverbs.—When you are the anvil, have patience; but when you are the hammer, hit hard and well.

Shave your chin carefully when your son's beard begins to grow.

* * * * * *

The High Poetics.—[There is an Indian girl near Springfield, Missouri, whose beauty had such an effect on a fellow that he sent "the following beautiful lines," to the newspaper, almost involuntarily:—]

In the Neosho valley, near the Newton County line,
There is a red man's daughter, the fairest of her kind;
And unless I am mistaken, which I hardly think I am,
She would not wed the proudest man, except of her own band.

The Indian girl has been sought by the proudest of the land,
But to all that have yet courted her, she has refused her hand;
The white men, in particular, have come from every part,
But none, as yet, (that's known of,) have ever won her heart.

She is like the sporting butterfly, that lives on flowers so sweet,
She never stops her roaming, but enchants all she meets;
Her straight and glossy locks hang down, on her beautiful neck, so bare,
And her red skin far exceeds the reddest lily fair.

I wish I was a courting man, I'd soon go join her band,
Then I'd kneel before her, and there I'd kiss her hand,
I would kiss it once, I'd kiss it twice, and then I would not quit,
Unless she kicked me over, then I should take a fit!

She is most too young to marry, and much too pretty to die,
But those that wish to marry her, are bold enough to try,
I have seen many a flower like this one, its fagrance reach the sky,
But soon they would wither, and very soon would die.

* * * * * *

The Duck Shooter.—A correspondent says he was out once on the look out for Ducks, and having entered a little creek where they were generally pretty thick, he placed his wooden decoy duck in a suitable position, and rowed his boat a short distance off to await the approach of the game. He had waited only a few moments when slam bang went somebody's gun, and on looking round he espied a country sportsman *making away with the remains of his decoy duck*, which he had shot. It is not known whether he got any more game of the same sort, that day.

Abolitionism in a New Garb.

The Uncle Tom excitement is being renewed again in a new garb, and one of our public theatres is used as an abolition hall in which to depict the alleged tyranny of the slave owners of the South over their slaves. Is this right? Is it proper that a fresh agitation of a question which at one time threatened the dissolution of the Union, should be suffered to be revived in our midst by a theatrical manager, for the purpose of putting money in his pocket, and that too, at the expense, perhaps, of bloodshed and riot? Is it right that these things should be—that the Southern people who are now *thronging into our city* should be *insulted* merely to gratify the whim of a man who would make capital out of dissensions and disorders. We foretold how this Uncle Tom drama would end—already have the abolition journals of New York circulated through their columns long editorial notices of the benefits to be derived from witnessing abolition plays, and the hatred which animates the breasts of the audiences on witnessing the cruelty and oppression exercised by slave holders, as *falsely* exhibited in the Uncle Tom gag. *Business men from the South are daily arriving in the great city of New York, to make their fall purchases.* On opening some of our daily papers, what is their surprise to behold, under the editorial head, insulting language regarding the citizens and *a constitutional institution of the South.* Many of them in disgust leave our city, and procure their supplies elsewhere, and thus, this *slavery revival robs the enterprise of our merchants*, and gives to strangers a *false impression of the character of our people.*

In speaking of the theatre where the abolition play is produced, the *Tribune*, while exulting over the effect produced, is no wise *very flattering* in its description of the audiences. It says:

"It was composed largely of the stuff which demagogues, acting under oligarchs, have used for the purpose of burning down halls, destroying printing presses, assaulting public speakers, *intimidating, striking, killing.*"

What do the auditors at the National Theatre think of that? Very pleasant, is'nt it? And yet you continue to visit this place. You *approve* by your *presence* of those abolition principles, which are antagonistic to the constitution of the United States, and which are sowing the seeds of disorder, of contention, and of hatred, which may ultimately shake to its centre the glorious fabric of our confederation. Look to it in time, friends of the Union. Beware of Abolition Halls in disguise. Wake up.

FIRE APPARATUS AT THE FAIR.

The three hose carts on exhibition at the World's Fair present a beautiful appearance, and reflect great credit on this branch of American industry. The two former were built in Philadelphia, the latter in New York. As regards *show*, the NEPTUNE most assuredly stands A. No. 1; as regards *beauty*, combined with *use*, the HOPE also stands A. No. 1. but as regards the most necessary requisite in a fine apparatus, *strength, and capability of rendering essential service in time of need*, without fear of spoiling that little armament, or that brilliant device, No. 8 Hose, of New York will challenge the admiration of every *true fireman*. Each, in its respective place, is different from the other. Yet, collectively, they will give to visitors, both foreign and domestic, a correct idea to what a state of perfection our fire-apparatus-builders, painters and ornamenters have arrived. They will behold the *plain* and *substantial* apparatus; the *serviceable*, yet *beautiful;* and the most *gorgeous*, though *not useful*, carriage ever built in this or any other country. Very appropriately, the latter is safely enclosed in a glass case, where we hope it may be allowed to remain.

The Expected War.

In the languange of an ancient orator, "the war which were to have arriven have not arroven." England, fearful of trouble at home, has, with her usual cunning and wariness, urged upon the consideration of the Emperor Nicholas the acceptance of a middle alternative, which, while it leaves poor Turkey still in the power of the Czar, *for future operations*, gives Russia the chance to retreat with honor in the eyes of the world, yet leaves England and France in the position of two timid boys standing up for a fight, one being "afraid and the other dare not." Truly the English lion is fulfilling the propheey, by lying down with the lamb.

In a Hurry.

The members of One of our city bands in their eagerness to serenade the monster Jullien started out on *Sunday* night to do the job. They wished to be *first at the start*, and they were not disappointed. If the monster should *not be successful* in his money-making mission to the American heathens will this same band be *in at the death?* We want to know.

AMUSEMENTS.

Broadway.

This theatre has been closed during the present week, in order to "brush up" preparatory to opening for the fall campaign on Monday next, when Mr. Joseph Silsbee will make his first appearance since his return from Europe.

Bowery Theatre.

This theatre will not be closed during the present season, the receipts being sufficiently remunerative to warrant the management in keeping it open. The interior of the house has been "touched up" and otherwise improved, and presents a very tasty appearance. We visited this theatre on Monday evening last, and though we paid our way at the ticket office, we were unable to procure a seat in the first circle, although they were not all engaged beforehand. The box-keeper, doubtless, reserves a number of seats in that circle for his particular friends. In the second circle nearly one-half of the seats are boxed off, and the doors of the best ones kept locked, except to admit favorites, thus leaving but a small portion of the boxes in the second tier for those who are not "acquainted." Consequently, many persons are compelled to take their place in the *third and fourth tiers*, who are not over anxious in soaring so high. This is not right. If there are seats in the first and second circles, not previously engaged, persons first applying should have those seats. Exclusiveness and favoritism should not be indulged in at a "Plebeian Theatre."

P.S.—Why don't the management procure a new gong. The one they now use is *rather* too far gone to please.

The St. Charles.

Thorne is exerting himself to the utmost to give pleasing entertainments to his patrons, and we hope he may succeed in making his establishment a paying concern.

Niblo's.

Houses not quite as good as formerly, though the weather, doubtless, is the cause. English Opera and the Ravels are the attraction.

Burton's.

This favorite place opened for the season Wednesday evening. Mr. Burton has got together one of the first companies we have ever had in New York, and though he intends to make the public pay for it, by charging 50 cents to all parts of the house, we have no doubt he will be liberally patronised.

Wallack's.

Mr. Wallack is busily engaged in forming his company, and from what we can learn there will be several additional performers added, of no mean pretensions. His theatre will be opened about the 1st of September.

Altogether the coming theatrical season promises to be one of unusual attraction and competition, and probably a greater number of good actors and actresses will perform in New York the coming season than at any previous time. Business is good—every body is making money, and as it is the custom of New Yorkers to *spend more than they make*, we may look for that good time, which has so long been announced as coming.

Edwin Forrest is in town again, and looks much improved since his last engagement at the Broadway.

He will shortly appear in a round of favorite characters at the Broadway.

The following is a specimen of the New York Herald's theatrical notices:—

From the Herald of Tuesday, Aug. 9.

"*Bowery Theatre.*—The drama of the "Cross of Death," *so well received last night*, will be *repeated* this evening," &c., &c.

Now the actual truth of the matter is that the drama of the "Cross of Death" was not well received on the evening stated, for the simple reason that it *was not performed at all on that evening*. The Herald's puffs are written in advance, but what's the odds, a play by any other name would do as well.

Italian Opera.

This foreign concern has not proved very profitable, and will close in a short time. The foreign airs put on by some Italian singers have had a tendency to injure that branch of music in New York.

Wood's Minstrels.

Refinement and musical ability continue to fill Wood's Hall with delighted audiences.

Theatrical Squibs.

Nickinson will shortly open a theatre, to be called the Metropolitan, at Hamilton, Canada West.

John Drew and William Wheatley have leased the Arch-st. theatre, Philadelphia.

Charlotte Cushman is in Milan.

Miss Eliza Logan, the tragic actress, is at the St. Nicholas hotel in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence made their last appearance at the Chestnut theatre on Saturday evening last, on the occasion of the manager's benefit.

Mr. Couldock is in town; he intends making a starring tour "for his own benefit.

Messrs. Skerrett and Anderton opened the Albany Museum on Monday evening last.

The Roussett Family sailed for San Francisco on Friday last. The old gentleman will have to watch them much closer in the land of gold than he did in this city.

Kate Hayes, Biscaccianti, and Virginia Whiting Lorini are giving concerts in South America.

TARGET COMPANIES.

THE APPROACHING FALL PARADES.

As the season approaches for the annual excursions of our Target Companies, it may be well to offer a few suggestions that may be of service to the companies. Though target practice is now and has been for several years participated in by a large number of our citizens, yet no official organ for the promulgation of the benefits derived from a day's sport in shooting exists among us; neither have the papers of the day paid that attention to the reports of the excursions which the importance of the case demands. In view of these facts, we have concluded to devote a portion of the New York Clipper to the use of our numerous Target Companies. We shall endeavor to give a faithful report of each and every target excursion that may take place—enumerating the full particulars, such as particulars of dress, numbers of members on parade, names of the persons making the best shots, and such other details as cannot fail of being interesting, not only to the company, but to the community at large.

Where we can make it convenient we shall attend in person, in order to be correct in all particulars, but we would take it as a great favor if one of the officers of each company would write us out the main features of their excursion, so that we may be certain of having a good report. All communications on the subject can be addressed to the editor of the Clipper in the care of either of our wholesale agents. Communications of interest, relating to our target practice, will always receive attention in our columns. Notices of target excursions about to take place will be inserted *gratuitously* in the Clipper, if sent as above directed.

We hope those interested will assist us in making this department of our paper rich and racy.

Funny Fan Department.—No. 2.

NO. III.

"See-saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed and laid upon straw,
Wasn't she a dirty slut
To sell her bed and lay in the dirt?"

I think she was, indeed. What did she sell her bed for, that's what *I* want to know. A bed is the *last article* in the world that a married woman ought to sell, for everybody knows it is the *first article* bought by a *newly* married couple, and should be treasured up as a memento of those blissful days which ushered in a "new born son," as it might be a daughter. Catch *me selling my bed*, indeed! I know a trick worth two of that. Another thing,—suppose Margery Daw, after selling her bed had been deserted by her husband, how would she manage about advertising him? *You dont know*, I suppose. Neither would she know. She could'nt come out in the old fashioned way, and say, "this is to caution all persons against trusting my husband, Jimmy Daw, as he has left my *bed, &c., &c.* It would'nt do; *dont you see?* Jimmy would have the best of her, and if he was to sue for a *divorcement*, he'd be sure to get it, because the judges would sympathise with any man whose bed had been sold from under him. No, no, Margery did wrong, not only in *selling the bed*, but also in *laying in the dirt*, for it could'nt be expected that her husband would take up his quarters *there*, no matter how loth he might be to *pass the night alone*.

FUNNY FAN.

The Sleeping Child.

See on that snow-white couch, where reposes that innocent and untutored child. Scarce three summers have elapsed since the dawning of that bright and happy day when first she saw the light. Oh, may no dark and blighting night ere cast its shadow o'er that laughing eyes; or sorrow, anguish, or despair, blast for a moment the budding joys of that sweet child. How calm and peaceful is her rest. Will it always be thus? Will no rude or lustful hand attempt to pluck the bud, ere yet the flower has bloomed? Will her pathway be always strewn with flowers, sweet flowers of spring, or will hidden thorns pierce the confiding hand, and fill her soul with pain? Let me not anticipate, for time alone can unravel the mysteries of the future. Sleep on, sweet child, and may angel spirits still the sonorous voice of him who cries aloud—*twelve shee-ets of writing pa-por for four cents!*

FUNNY FAN.

That Deathly Joke.

The wag who perpetrated the joke upon some person, by giving him a note payable "two months after *death*," must be a jolly chap. And coming it over the usually-wide-awake bank people too; that makes the joke more palatable. He must be a joker *dyed* in the wool.

Beware of Unripe Fruit.

Our people should be cautious in eating fruit. Ripe fruit is at all times nourishing and healthful; unripe fruit will not fail to leave its mark, either by sickness or death. The great increase in our bill of mortality the past week may be attributed in a great measure to the improper use of unripe fruit. Watch your children, if you would *have them with you.*

A PARODY.

"Then you'll remember me."

When other heads in other hats
Their tales of grief shall tell,
In language whose distress imparts,
The pain they felt too well;
There may, perhaps, at such a time
Some happiness still be,
If I but tell where I got mine
Then you'll remember me.

When hatters through *deceit* shall slight
The hat you thought to prize,
Or make it *too infernal tight*—
Or *cover up your eyes!*
When hatters thus shall waste your time,
Still happy will I be
To point the spot where I got mine—
Then you'll remember me.

At *fifty-seven, Chatham-street*,
Each eye can well discern
The names of RAFFERTY & LEASK,
Who constitute the firm
Their hats alone can give you ease,
And please the "fair" to see
But oh! when suited, do not cease
To still remember me.

All about 2.27.

The following question and answer was taken from last Sunday's Dispatch:—

Sam bets Alf that if Highland Maid goes she will show '27. She goes. The first heat is made in 2 37—second, 2 27—third, dist. Be so kind as to decide who wins." The foregoing is a question upon which much discussion has from time to time been had, and yet it has never been and probably never will be settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties. At a first view it would seem perfectly clear that Sam is the winner of the wager, but the case admits of argument. For instance—If A and B match their respective horses to run a single dash of one mile for $1,000, each man virtually bets the other $1,000 that his horse will win. Now, if they make a dead heat, neither can win, and the bet is off. So with regard to the case in question—'27 is made, but in order to win it is necessary to *beat* it, unless there is an express stipulation to the effect, that if the horse succeeds in making '27 it shall be considered a win. We must admit that this view of the case is not entirely satisfactory to us, but we have heard it so decided by the "knowing ones" upon the different race tracks in this vicinity; and Porter, of the Spirit of the Times, has upon two or three different occasions decided, that in affairs of the nature in question neither party wins, and the bet is off.

We cannot perceive where the difficulty lies in the above question. It is plain enough to us. The bet was that Highland Maid would *show* '27. In the second heat she *did show* '27. What more was necessaey? There need be no argument whatever about the matter; and we consider that *Sam won the bet*, notwithstanding the "knowing ones" have decided that neither party wins. Reduce the bet *as above stated* to writing, place it before twelve *disinterested men*, and we believe not one of them would hesitate to award the stakes to Sam.

Query—If '27 had *not* been made would'nt Alf have claimed the bet?

What does it mean?

The New York Herald in speaking of the Crystal Palace says—"Another very beautiful contribution exhibited during the last few days, is a hose-cart made in Philadelphia, but *owned*, we understand in New York.

We confess ourselves puzzled on reading the above announcement, and, doubtless, all were who read it, for the Neptune is owned by the Philadelphia fire company bearing that name, and how the Herald came to tell such a deliberate *what-you-call-'em*, we are at a loss to know. The Nep is a handsome carriage, but let us not appropriate to New York the honor which belongs to another city.

In a Great Hurry.

A correspondent of the *Sunday Times* propounded the following affecting question to the editors of that paper on Sunday last:—

"At the decease of my mother, who is 52, and resides in England, I am entitled to about £300. Can I dispose of it, or make it prove beneficial in any way, previous to her death?"

We think the fellow who would *think* of such a question deserves to have his *name* handed down to posterity. He seems anxious, for the paltry sum of £300, to have his mother, she who has guided him through life from infancy, out of the way. For shame. Is this the way you manifest your love for money? We hope your mother will *outlive you*, young man. How much more regretted is a parent who dies in poverty, than one who dies in affluence.

He's "Arrove."

The monster Jullien and his "famed brass band," arrived here on Sunday last in the steamer Baltic. Our fellow citizens suffered the carriage in which were seated Jullien and his lady to be dragged by *horses* instead of *asses*. Verily we are improving. *Excelsior.*

Hot Corn.

Strangers cannot understand the peculiar cries of our hot corn folks. They do not emphasize their words distinctly. "Our folks" understand them well enough; but, for the edification of strangers, we would advise those engaged in the "hot corn trade" to endeavor to make themselves more plainly understood; not too fast, nor too slow, but something in this style—"Yer's yer nice hot corn—smoking hot—O! what beauties I have got—only two cents a year."

The Sunday Courier and Despatch.

There is a probability of a quarrel between these two worthy members of the Sabbath "happy family." It will be recollected by our readers, that a couple of months since the Courier commenced the publication of one of those endless stories, entitled "Dorcas, the Dress-maker, or the Young Mother." It was announced as being *written expressly for that journal*. The Dispatch, which always previous to this monopolized the publication of long stories, thinking their rights invaded, especially as the Courier had circulated and posted up "big bills with picters on 'em," as the newsboys say, precisely in the style of the Dispatch, and had also increased their own circulation at the expense of that of the Dispatch, determined to make a grand demonstration *in favor of itself*. Consequently, in the Dispatch of Sunday, July 31, appeared an editorial article, exposing in rather plain terms the falsehood of the Courier folks, in trying to palm off upon the public the story of "Dorcas" as original. It has proved to be an *old story*, with names, dates, and localities altered to suit the New York public, inasmuch as the said New York public are *easily imposed upon.*

The Courier of last Sunday comes out in an article, in which it *does not deny* the Dispatch's assertion, but speaks about the harmony which has always characterized the Sunday press, and says the article in the Dispatch was, "at best, *an impertinent interference in other people's affairs*," and that they will not be backward in coming forward whenever there is a disposition manifested for a trial of speed and bottom.

There is an old adage which says, "When thieves fall out honest men get their due." It will apply in the present case; for the crimination and recrimination of the two papers in question will doubtless give the public an insight into how "original stories" and such things are manufactured for the Sunday press. The Weekly Happy Family look calmly on, say nothing, and smile at the warfare among the *religious* Sunday papers. It is the Dispatch's turn to say something next Sabbath. Go in, gentlemen, the Clipper's reporter will give a correct report of the battle.

Oh, Don't Mention it.

The Sunday Times contained an editorial article last Sunday, headed the "Independent Press," in which it glorifies itself in being one of them. In the same paper is an editorial article puffing up Jullien, the monster concert man. The said Jullien article is of course to be considered as the editor's opinion of a man he never saw. It was doubtless *paid for* by Jullien's agent, as nearly all the articles to be found in the daily and weekly papers on the same subject are. This is the independence of the press. Anybody or anything can receive the highest meed of praise from the independent press, if anybody or anything will pay well for it. There's no mistake about it. The modesty of the Times is only equal to its effrontery.

Look out for Him.

Fellow citizens, you behaved well on a recent visit of a *live lord* to our city, in letting him take care of himself, and in not forgetting your independence by bowing down to him. This is a beginning. Let us follow it up. Foreign musicians have been so flattered by us, that they do not hesitate to *insult us* whenever they think fit. It is time to teach them a lesson. Let us keep perfectly docile on the appearance of Jullien and his foreign monsters among us. Did we but encourage our own people more, there would be no lack of musical talent amongst us. Sound the alarm.

Jurors—Salaries.

A resolution was passed in the Board of Supervisors last week, increasing the salary of the Commissioner of Jurors to $2,500. Now, while this matter was being attended to, could'nt something have been done in relation to the salaries of jurors. At present their pay is but *one shilling* per day, when they are actually engaged in trying a cause. Most jurors are men who are not able to bear this severe tax upon their time, being working-men generally, who depend upon their daily wages with which to provide the necessaries of life for their families. They are dragged from their work sometimes without a warning, and compelled to dance attendance at court, for which they have a *chance* to make *one shilling per day*, but with a *certainty* of losing perhaps *twelve or sixteen shillings*. Something should be done to remedy this evil. Let's have an increase of salaries for jurors. What do you say?

Pay the Postage.

Correspondents must bear in mind that to pay the postage on their letters, will redound to *their* credit, and save *ours*. The postage on a single letter is not of much account, but when these single letters are collected together, they make one *pile*, and yet reduce another *pile*. See the joke?

Training.

We conclude in this week's *Clipper* the interesting article on training. It will be followed up by articles equally interesting and instructive.

Lively Times.

Great times in New York—the city almost overrun with visitors—the Crystal Palace within a few days of being finished—our theatres all preparing for the fall campaign—lots of musicians among us and "more a' coming"—bearded women, alligators, happy families, and other animals in abundance—regattas, horse races, bull fights, pugilistic set-to's—and beside all this the New York Clipper with rich sporting news of all kinds. Truly New York will surpass all former efforts, and were it not for the *abolition gag* our visitors would become deeply impressed with the fact that we are a great people. Let the "Great Bottesini" sound his double G.

The Mosquito.

This "little beast," as we heard a lady call one of them, is rather annoying at the present time, this being the height of the "mosquito season." An infallible preventive against the attacks of "the little beast," however, is the oil of pennyroyal; a drop or two applied to the clothing or the hair, will keep them at bay the whole night. It can be bought at any drug store, by the three cents worth or in larger quantities. Try it, if you don't wish to "get bit."

The Expected Duel.

It appears, by all accounts, that neither of the gentlemen who figured in the "almost a duel" affair, had the *least intention* of engaging in a fight. It was all a mistake.

That Heavy Rain.

Last Saturday was a fine day for excursions; not a speck of *dust* could be seen anywhere. Notwithstanding this, very few persons ventured out. They would rather be *dusted* than *wetted.*

Our Circulation Elsewhere.

Subscribers are beginning to pour in upon us from all sections of the Union. It is indeed gratifying, and we shall endeavor to deserve the kind wishes we receive from many correspondents.

Crowded Out.

We are compelled to omit much interesting foreign sporting intelligenee, in consequence of the crowded state of our columns. Several interesting yacht races have taken place, in one of which the New York yacht Truant, owned by Mr. Grinnell, would have carried off the prize, had she not been fouled by the winning boat. A protest was entered on behalf of the Truant, in order to test to which yacht the prize should be awarded.

We will give the full particulars in our next.

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RAFFERTY & LEASK
are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

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For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.
If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.
My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.
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REMEDIES
TO THE PUBLIC.
RADWAY & Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers and Proprietors of the justly celebrated R. R. R. Remedies, were the first to discover a Remedy possessing the Marvelous and Miraculous Power of stopping the most Excruciating Pains in an instant, allaying the worst Cramps and Spasms either interal or external in a few minutes, and soothing the most severe Paroxysms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Tic Doloreux, as soon as applied. The R. R. R. Remedies consists of three Remedies, each possessing quick and wonderful powers over certain complaints and diseases, and will instantly—
RELIEVE *The Human System from Pain*
REGULATE *Each Organ to a Healthy Action,*
RESOLVE *Away all Diseased Deposits.*
RENOVATE *The body from all Corrupt Humors.*
REBUILD *The Weak and Broken Down Constitutions.*
RESTORE *To Health, Strength and Vigor all unsound and worn out parts.*

R. R. R.—No. 1.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
For all Acute Complaints,
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.
The moment it is applied externally or taken into the system, it will stop the most excruciating pain and quickly remove its cause.
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Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years, Radway's Ready Relief, Relieved him from pain in fifteen minutes, enabled him to walk two miles without the aid of stick or crutch in three days, and cured him entirely in one week.
Thousands of other cases equally as wonderful as the above, have been cured by R. R. Relief.
CHOLERA MORBUS.
Radway's Ready Relief will relieve the sufferer from all pain in fifteen or twenty minutes. It will cure the most desperate cases in a few hours.
NEURALGIA.
The moment R R. Relief is applied it allays the most painful Paroxysms. It will always cure
SICK HEAD ACHE.
It will relieve the most distressing pains in fifteen minutes. It will likewise prevent renewed attacks.
AGUE.
In ten minutes a teaspoonful of R. R. Relief will stop the Chills and break the Fever.
Aches of all kinds, Pains of all kinds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Strains, Sprains, Stiff joints, Lameness. One application of Radway's Ready Relief will in a few moments ENTIRELY STOP THE PAIN.
It reduces swellings, heals sores, cuts and wounds, removes bruises, allays the most violent irritations. For all pains use R. R. Relief. Look for the signature of Radway & Co. on each bottle.

R. R. R.—No. 2.
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.
IT CURES
Scrofula, Tumors, Bleeding of the Lungs,
Syphilis, Consumption, St. Vitus Dance,
Sores, Rickets, Salt Rheum,
Asthma, Nodes, Canker,
Bronchitis, Fever Sores, Rash,
Ulcers, Erysipelas, Tetters.
The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resolvent will positively cure.
It renovates the system completely, Resolving away from the Solids all impure Poisonous and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring, Energy and Vigor, Health and Strenth to every Organ and Member of the body.
LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.
HON. J. J. MIDDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C.—Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes, on his Plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a disgusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the Doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton is well know, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.
SCROFULA.
MR. W. B. OLIVER of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga., under the date of May 30, 1853.—Writes, "that a servant girl who was so reduced that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.
NINETEEN YEARS.
MRS. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years. has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.
SALT RHEUM.
The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that this complaint, was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.
IT REGENERATES
Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.
WEAKNESS
In Male or Famale is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy Impotenee and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.
LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.
In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.
Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac simile signature of
RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.

R. R. R.—No. 3.
RADWAY'S REGULATORS.
REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION
All the Organs and Secretions of the body,
Restores to Health and Strenth,
THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS
COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.
Costiveness, Liver Complaint,
Indigestion, Heart "
Dyspepsia, Kidney "
Dropsy, Bladder "
Urethra "
DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE
Dizziness, Inflammation of the Stomach,
Stupor, Biliousness.
MELANCHOLY.
MALIGNANT DISORDERS.
Small Pox Measles,
Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia Typhoid Fever,
AND FEVERS OF ALL KINDS
Influenza, Pleurisy Common Colds
FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
Irregularity, Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria, Womb Difficulties,
Whites, Amenorrhea,
LOSS OF APPETITE, Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy, Loss of Strength.
R. R. REGULATORS
ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,
Perfectly Tasteless, Never Sicken,
Good at all times, Never Gripe.
DOSES.
ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.
One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.
Radway's Regulators, Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, are sold by Druggists everywhere.
RADWAY & Co., 162 Fultonstreet,

YACHTING.

Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

The first race of the season for yachts of the first class belonging to this club took place on Wednesday, the 29th ult, and from the strong wind blowing, proved a most exciting affair. The following seven yachts were entered, most of them new, and all clippers. "F.K." signifies fixed keel, and "C.B." centre board.

YACHT.	RIG.	TONS.	OWNER.
Warlock (F.K.)	Sloop	4	Commodore.
Kelpie (F.K.)	Sloop	3½	A. Sparrow, Esq.
Cyprian (C.B.)	Lattina	3½	P. F. Jones, Esq.
Breeze	Sloop	6	E. Haigh, Esq.
Sirocco (F.K.)	Cutter	7½	W. Brown, Esq.
Truant (C.B.)	Sloop	3½	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
Presto	Sloop	7½	A. Bower, Esq.

The course was from Monk's Ferry, round the southern powder hulk off Bromboro', thence to a flag boat moored off the Dingle Point, and back, round the powder hulk, to Monk's Ferry. With the exception of the Sirocco, all of them came to their stations under the superintendence of J. Watkins, Esq, the Rear-Commodore of the club, who had no easy task in placing them, owing to the state of the weather. At length, however, a very good start was effected at 3:34, P.M., Truant, as usual, being first to get under way, closely followed by the Warlock. The power of the large boats soon told, and Presto took the lead, Breeze and Warlock following, and the powder hulk was rounded in the following order:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Presto	4 0 0	Truant	4 2 20
Breeze	4 1 40	Kelpie	4 3 18
Warlock	4 2 0	Cyprian	4 5 50

From this point to the Dingle flagboat the yachts had to meet the tide on the weather bow, which of course told in favor of centre boards and surface sailing against fixed keels and heavy ballast. The boat was passed as under:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Presto	4 17 20	Kelpie	4 22 30
Truant	4 20 50	Warlock	4 23 0
Breeze	4 21 0	Cyprian	4 27 0

Shortly after rounding, the tack of Warlock's jib gave way, which delayed her some time before it could be properly secured, and this accident had hardly been observed by those on board the steamer, when the Presto's mast was seen to go by the board, so her chance of the prize was at an end. The steamer bore down and took her in tow, leaving her alongside the Egerton Dock wall, and it says not a little for the skill and energy of the crew that, before the conclusion of the race, they had rigged up a jury mast, and the vessel was again under canvas. After seeing her in safety, the steamer bore away for the powder hulk to time the yachts rounding it the second time, which they did as under:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Truant	4 47 30	Kelpie	4 48 40
Breeze	4 48 10	Warlock	4 50 0

Immediately after rounding, the Truant carried away her rudder-head, but an oar having been substituted for the rudder, after a brief delay she was again under way. A much more serious accident befel the Kelpie. A sudden puff of wind causing her to heel over, the battan securing her ballast gave way, letting it fall to leeward, which caused her at once to fill, but, fortunately, she floated and kept up her crew, and several boats coming to her assistance she was taken safely into Eastham. The Breeze was now the leading boat, going along at a great pace, Warlock second, with Truant just astern. The race between these two became most exciting. Truant endeavoring in every way to get to windward and ahead, but all in vain. The Warlock kept her position to the winning buoy, which was passed as under:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Breeze	5 22 0	Warlock	5 25 30

Truant went about just before reaching it, so was not timed. The time allowed by the club for tonnage being one and a half minute per ton, the Breeze was consequently declared the winner, by 30 seconds, of one of the fastest races ever run by small boats.

The course in actual distance was 14 or 15 miles, and allowing for the extra ground gone over by the yachts, it must have been little short of 20 miles, which the Breeze did in 1h 48min, and Warlock in 1h 51 min 30sec. Much regret was felt about the accidents to Presto and Kelpie, both being new boats built this season. The weather was much in favor of the former, and from the way in which she sailed up to the time of losing her mast, there can be little doubt that she would have taken the prize but for this unfortunate occurrence.

The Cyprian is a beautiful little craft, but owing to the way in which she was masted had little or no chance with the other boats.

The Warlock is a new keel boat, just launched, and though hardly in trim, from her performance in the race may be expected to do great things; she has large capacity, and carries 30cwt of ballast.

The celebrated little Truant was beautifully handled by Mr. Grinnell, to whom the B M Y. Club are much indebted for infusing among its members a spirit of generous rivalry, which has produced a fleet of small craft unequalled for model in any port of the United Kingdom.

The prize, a handsome silver cake basket, was presented to Mr. Haigh, the owner of the Breeze, by the Commodore of the Club, Mr. Hamilton Laird, on board the steamer.

Lowestoft Grand Annual Marine Regatta.

Tuesday, July 12, 1853.

The Lowestoft Regatta Prize of 100 guineas, for yachts belonging to any royal club, of all rigs between 30 and 300 tons; no restriction to sails or number of men, and no time allowed for tonnage. The following were the entries on the card:—

YACHTS.	RIG.	TONS.	OWNERS.	PORT.
May Fly,	Schooner,	96	S. M. Peto, Esq.,	Lowestoft
Sverige,	Schooner,	280	T. Bartlett, Esq.,	London
Mosquito,	Cutter,	50	Lowndesborough,	London
Gossamer,	Cutter,	45	R'd. Boare, Esq.,	Lowestoft

Lord Alfred Paget, the Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, would have entered the Rosalind of 100 tons, but the lamented death of the Marchioness of Anglesey prevented his lordship sailing his beautiful clipper schooner in the match. The Margaret was expected at Lowestoft, but she did not "put in an appearance" The committee has issued a lithographic map on a large scale of the Lowestoft Roads, with the Gorton, Holm, and Newcombe Sands, in which the depths of water throughout had been ascertained by Commander William Hewitt, H. M. S. Fairy, and therein stated, with the rules and regulations to be observed: there were also

The Courses the yachts had to sail, and they were as follows:—For the first prize they had to start from their own moorings (abreast of the South Pier), sail to the southward, rounding the Cage Buoy on the south end of the Newcombe, passing through the Pakefield Gat; thence to a station vessel about eighteen miles at sea (to be placed by the committee on the morning of the race), leaving her on the port side, and returning to the starting-place by the same channel, passing between the station vessel and the pier. The course for all other yachts, yawls, and boats, was from the moorings laid down abreast of the New North Pier Head, round the Newcombe, leaving all the buoys and light-ship of that sand on the port side; thence to the starting-place, passing between the pier and the schooner anchored abreast of the North Pier; twice round the course, a distance of about fifteen miles.

The weather was delightfully fine, but just before the start the wind was very light and variable, without a prospect of much more, and therefore Mr. Bartlett decided, at the last moment, not to start the Sverige. This was a sad disappointment, as great interest was manifested as to the result of a race between two such well-known vessels as "the Swede" and Mosquito. The "sayings and doings" on board the former subsequently are deeply to be regretted, but we shall not make further allusion to the subject, inasmuch as we feel convinced, that the party from whom they originated is now as much annoyed at the "untoward" remarks he made as his brother members experienced at the time. The three yachts remaining in the list were started at 16 minutes past 12. There appeared to be some trifling difficulty with the Gossamer and Mosquito in getting clear at first, owing, as we understood, to the gun being fired before the latter yacht was well secured after dropping into a fair line. The May Fly got away first, but she was headed by the Mosquito at the Cage Buoy, and she continued to lead throughout, rounding the steamboat moored out at sea and the winning-mark as follows:—

YACHT	BOAT AT SEA.	WINNING MARK.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Mosquito,	2 17 0	4 31 45
Gossamer,	3 48 25	5 27 0
May Fly.	2 51 22	5 26 38

The May Fly passed the Gossamer in the voyage back, and came in ahead of her.—*Bell's Life.*

Southampton Yacht Club.

A spirited race for a purse, given by this club, came off on Wednesday last, between three vessels belonging to members, viz., the Gazelle, 7 tons, Mr. T. Payne; the Zeuxo, 7 tons, Mr. T. Fox, and the Mosquito, 8 tons, Mr. G. Collis. The Gazelle was beaten two or three times last year by the Zeuxo, but has since been lengthened, and thereby much improved. The Mosquito was untried being only lately built by Hatcher, of Southampton. Her two competitors were both constructed by Payne, of the same place. According to the conditions of the race, each vessel was manned and sailed entirely by amateurs, with the exception of a pilot to each, who was not allowed to steer. The course was from a station vessel off the pier up round the yacht Cynthia, R. Morris, Esq., moored off Crackmore Hard, and thence down the river, round Grain Hard and Deans Lake Buoys, three times round. A strong south-east wind, the best for trying sailing qualities in Southampton Water, added greatly to the interest excited by the match. An excellent start was effected at one o'clock, after considerable delay, arising from the dilatoriness of the Zeuxo in taking her station. The Zeuxo went off with a slight lead, but was soon passed by the Gazelle, and then by the Mosquito. The same order was maintained until, in the course of the second round, the Mosquito was nearly filled off West Quay, being caught by a sudden squall while a man was at her mast head, and the Zeuxo thereby enabled to take the second place. A slight foul also occurred between the two last-named vessels in the course of the same round. They ultimately arrived at the station vessel in the following order: Gazelle 6h 16m, Zeuxo 6h 20m 30sec, Mosquito 6h 24m. In the opinion of the cognoscenti the two last boats would have been much better placed had their crews directed their attention more to winning the match, and less to hampering one another as they did throughout the race. The winner was most ably steered and sailed by Mr. Larbalestier, the worthy Vice-Commodore of the club.

Arrival of the American Clipper Sloop Silvie at Havre.

We learn from one of the Cowes pilots, that on Friday, the 8th, he fell in with the long looked-for American yacht, Silvie, "sloop-rigged," and under jury-rig, off the Start, proceeding for Havre, having a fair wind, and, to use the pilots expression, "going like knives a-grinding." The yacht, we have since heard, has safely reached her destination, where new spars had been previously forwarded for her. She is to be refitted at Havre, and from thence proceed to Cowes to be introduced to us as "the novelty of the season." Her presence here will, no doubt, excite great interest, such as we witnessed in our waters by the presence of the once celebrated America. We are not disposed to take for granted all we hear at haphazard, although we have made a wonderful alteration in our system of yacht building since this event. Yet, when we are told that the Silvie will "walk easily round the America," and that she is differently constructed altogether in lines and rig, we cannot but think that a second panic is likely to strike the yachting world, and that other ideas must be brought into activity than those that are at present entertained. Three years ago her powers might have been believed by the marines, but not by the sailors, but having been once so unmercifully beaten, there can be no wonder that John Bull quietly pockets the affront and awaits the result of a few more "lickings" before he gets "wrathy" by the descriptions of his brethren in the West, who now tell us that our ideas of yacht architecture are "progolicated," and comprise no other "than an unsophisticated, antediluvian, conglomerated mass of useless nothingness, and the real secret must soon be cadelloped." The owner of this Silvie arrived on Wednesday, at Cowes, in the Humboldt, and proceeded to Havre to join the yacht, and from thence she will proceed to Cowes and make her appearance at our regattas, but we opine that she will not prove herself eligible to sail for the Squadron's Cup, which is open to be sailed for by foreign yachts, from the circumstance of the existing law, that no shifting of ballast is allowed in yachts at the respective matches, and, as a matter of course, the shifting keels cannot be construed other than such. However, there will be nothing to prevent her exhibiting her sailing pretensions in comparison with our Anglo-American fleet, and we can assure her, and those interested in the yacht, that they will meet with a generous and warm-hearted English reception.

An Irish manager, the other day, gave the following curious stage direction to an actor:—Here you should draw your sword, and find you haven't one."

A BULL.—An Irishman cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account, *as he is not married to her.*

CURIOUS FACT.—We saw an Irishman the other day carrying a *peck* basket which held exactly two *hogsheads.*

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them.

THE LILY HAND OF RIMINI.

BY L MARIOTTI.

Nina lay in her bed. How bravely and Cytherea-like she became it, angels may tell better than mortals.

The clock had struck twelve. Nina had laid down her book—the drowsy charmer she had called to her aid to lull her to sleep. The flame from an alabaster lamp showered down its chaste, unflickering beams, wooing, soothing. The last embers died away on the hearth, diffusing their genial warmth without a crack or murmur. Not a curtain was seen to heave, nor a breath to stir the damask of that silken apartment.

Nina's kind hosts were fully aware of the treasure they harbored under their roof. More than maternal care had presided over her comforts, strewn her couch, smoothed her pillow. Her aunt herself, the lady of Professor Mascagni, had shown the lovely girl to her chamber, disrobed her, trusting no one else with the offices of her waiting maid. She hung in fond admiration over her as she bade her "good night," pressed her matronly lips on her brow, and called down heaven's blessings on her dear head. Professor Mascagni was proud of his guest. Long and earnestly had he sued for her, half borrowed, half stolen her from her anxious parents at Rimini. He had torn her from her mother's embrace, conveyed her home in triumph, and secured her within the ivy-grown walls of his old-fashioned suburban paradise near Bologna.

The Professor had some design on his niece, and the latter was not without a boding heart about it; for she knew him to be an enterprising match-maker. Professor Mascagni had attained an European reputation as an astronomical discoverer. Ease and affluence had waited on his exertions; he rested now under the shade of his laurels. He was a gentleman surgeon, and only practised as an amateur. His wife—a lady of the noble house of Lanzi—had raised him in rank and wealth, and it was precisely for the gratification of this proud dame, that Nina, her niece, found herself domesticated amid the cool groves and cooler arbors of the Professor's villa. A flirtation was to be encouraged between the beauty of Rimini and a Roman youth, Lorenzo da Rizzo, a student of the university, a willing captive long chained to her chariot.

Was it the strangeness of the bed, or was it the closeness of the room, the glare of the lamp and heat of the fire, that kept Nina de Lanzi so late awake in her bed? Was her heart fluttering with the anticipated meeting with the handsome adorer she had long affected to spurn at home? or did her brain reel with the sounds and sights of the ball that her good hosts had announced in her honor for the following night? Or had the book she had just thrown listlessly aside conjured up images that still wrought on her nerves, and haunted her in her sleeplessness? Or might there be other motives besides?

She was a lovely object to look upon. Her blooming countenance, bathed in the faint gleam of that subdued light, glowed with its warm incarnadine, like a spring flower steeped in liquid pearl. Her dark eyes flashed fresh and lustrous in the fretting of that prolonged unrest, as they watched the last sparks of the waning fire. Her round right arm, bare to the shoulder, was thrown negligently above her head with the snowy hand slack and open—that hand the pride of her beauty, the loveliest part of a person, every feature, every form of which was transcendant loveliness.

The worship the Spanish pay to the ankle of their brown beauties, is, in Italy, addressed to the color and shape of the hand. One of the old Italian rhymesmiths indited a whole *canzoniere* in the "Bella Mano." Nina's hand, unmatched in Northern Italy, went by the name of "The Lily of Rimini."

Presently her face languidly sunk upon the pillow. The shade of the drooping lashes was partly lowered on the weary orbs which they curtained, the dews of incipient slumber stood on the downy cheek, the breath came slower and heavier, and the lips gently parted.

She dreamt ere she slept. The tide of flitting emotions hardly ruffled the ineffable calmness of those composed features. The breath of heavenly purity, of coy and timid tenderness, of all maidenly truth and holiness issued from the fragrant mouth. Surely angel's heart never heaved under a gentler bosom.

But lo! on a sudden the slumbering beauty is seen to writhe throughout her frame. A cold, humid, clammy sensation sends a thrill through her veins. The icy palm of a shrivelled hand presses hers vehemently, convulsively. It was but one instant, and two lips frozen and stiffened as if by death rested with lingering fondness on the clasped hand.

Seconds elapsed ere instinct or terror prevailed over the trance of surprise. But Nina de Lanzi was possessed of a more than feminine daring spirit. She did not scream. Her heart rebelled against the evidence of her senses. By a sudden effort she roused herself and started up in her bed.

Up she stood, stifling the throbs of her bosom, gazing boldly, steadfastly around.

Her eye glanced behind. The door—she saw it—was gliding noiselessly on its hinges, as if closing slowly, stealthily on the heels of a receding person.

She saw it distinctly. She was but too wide awake. The moisture of death oozed from her temples. She felt a choking at her throat.

Her fingers were still white—numbed almost with the deathly pressure they had lately undergone, and a livid impression still marked the spot where the icy lips of the phantom had clung.

A reaction of crushing, overwhelming terror now succeeded to that first outburst of animal spirits. With her eyes rivetted on that dreaded door, she sat up, spell-bound, in her bed, striving to nerve her heart against the chances of a second intrusion; but long and tedious rolled the hours; the morning dawned gray at the casement, and the door gave no sign.

Courage returned with daylight. "And did she suffer her imagination thus to gain the upper hand of her better understanding? And could night-mare get so powerful a hold on the senses? Could illusion continue after reviving consciousness? And was her hand never before numbed by cold or by the straining of an awkward posture?"

By these and similar arguments she laughed her own fears to scorn. It was a faint laugh, nevertheless; nor was it without a shudder she went through the redoubted door that played such awful freaks at midnight.

The following day was merry and sunny. There was a long stroll with the Professor's children at the Montagnola.* Then romping and frolicking in the garden at home. Then a hasty dinner; then rigging and decking, smoothing and trimming for the evening show. And lamps were lighted, guests crowded in, and Nina de Lanzi stood up with her partner.

From the moment she quitted the haunted apartment she had not had one second's leisure to bestow on her nocturnal adventure.

The lovely Nina stood up with her partner. The Professor's lady had that evening surpassed all her former achievements. The *elite* of Lombard loveliness were there, and the sprightly students of the university, the young blood of the land, doing homage at their feet.

Nina de Lanzi and Lorenzo da Rizzo led the van of the first quadrille. The latter, bright, manly, beaming, elate with the excitement of happy affection and gratified vanity; the former, a somewhat short, but unspeakably graceful figure, shaped, created, as it were, for the dance, at that early stage of the festivities, still pensive and feverish with the unrest, with the vaguely remembered visitation of the previous night.

She soon rallied, nevertheless. Her head rose and was thrown backward with a half disdainful toss as she caught the first notes of the inspiriting strain from the orchestra. Her rich hazel hair, in a maze of ringlets and tresses, bounded witchingly on her rounded shoulders, while her hand—the Lily of Rimini—it was seldom that she condescended to imprison it in a white kid—waved gracefully in the air towards the youth of her choice.

Her truant partner had, however, but for one second deserted his post. Some difficulty in the distribution of the following couples had occasioned a momentary delay. At a beck from the lady of the house, Da Rizzo had stepped up to her to give her the benefit of his advice. His absence was unnoticed by Nina, who with averted head continued to hold out to him the fair prize so ardently solicited.

Suddenly a shriek of anguish and terror, loud above the din of festive instruments, rang through the crowded apartment.

An awful pause ensued. Every eye was instantly turned upon Nina.

She stood alone at her place, gazing vacantly at her hand. The finger ends were white, the nails blue, as if with intense cold. The hand of death had been once more busy with them.

"Who has done it," she gasped? "What sad mockery is this?"

The whole company crowded up to her, aghast in the sympathy of her own consternation.

The attentions of the multitude oppressed her. She stamped impatiently. She was conveyed to a cooler room. In a few minutes she had recovered thoroughly. She asked to be allowed to retire. Remonstrances were all in vain—irritated her. The dreaded apartment—she was too proud to evince her repugnance—was hastily got ready for her. Half playfully, half forcibly, she secured a bedfellow in the person of Juliet, the eldest of the Professor's children, a girl aged twelve; and her lamps were carefully trimmed—the fire blazed in the chimney.

Her anxious hostess lingered in the room till for the third time bidden to go. Little Juliet nothing loth to give up her juvenile beaux, had already gone to rest. Nina showed her aunt to the door—listened to her retreating foot fall; then carefully locked and bolted the door.

Almost blushing with shame, she cast a hurried glance under the bed; she peeped behind the window curtains. She came back rubbing her hands, and breathing freely. Yet two minutes, and she was in the arms of the already unconscious Juliet.

The company in the hall were bewildered—the notes of the violin grated in every ear. Dancing became impracticable. Conversation was carried on in ominous whispers.

Twelve o'clock had struck. The fire burned still. The lamps shone wan and faint. The two girls lay grouped in each other's arms. Girls have a peculiar talent for grouping. Arms and necks, all the soft limbs of the young creatures were coiled and twined together, as if they lay for models of the graces.

The warmth of their young blood was diffused all over the room, and the fragrance of their breath. Their cheeks glowed in contact.

Both were quiet; but whilst one was many fathoms deep in the sleep of blessed innocence, the other's eyes glared uneasy and fitful, as if constantly on the watch for coming terrors.

Poor Nina was game to the last! She would not fear, would not believe; she blamed the morbidness of her fancy.

"What?" she said, "ghosts from the grave to do homage to the Lily Hand of Rimini? 'Tis conscience maketh cowards of us all;" and what did conscience reproach her with? The heart-ache, forsooth, some silly fop declared the sight of her gave him? Ha, ha! It was all the work of weariness, of illusion.

"And yet the ball scene! Was it also a freak of the imagination? mere jugglery? That sudden discoloration of the tip of her fingers—was any one present aware of it? Could spectres haunt us in a crowd?"

With these reasonings she soothed herself, attuned her mind to repose and security. "After all," she concluded, "Juliet was there."

The presence of an infant—nay, of a lap-dog—is enough to allay supernatural fears. That poor, sleeping, defenceless being broke through the awfulness of Nina's solitude. She pressed the little bedfellow in her arms, and the storm in her bosom subsided.

The heightened color in her face, the veil lowering on her eyes, the flutter and chaos of her thoughts, were hailed by her as symptoms of incipient somnolency.

She disengaged herself from the too close embrace of the little friend, buried her face in her pillow, and composed her limbs to her habitual ease.

Her manœuvres, however careful and light, did not fail to produce analogous movements on the part of the clinging girl. Her little hands, both of which were turned round Nina's tight, with all the fervor of sisterly tenderness, at once relaxed, and the arm of the latter, thrown fondly over the child's neck, remained thus hanging for an instant in the air, almost outside of the bed.

At this moment the released hand was clasped in that of another's. The sepulchral cold again crept from the fingers' ends to the very heart's blood. Once more the earthly touch of a dead man's lips left its mark on the dimples of the Lily of Rimini.

This time Nina, though only half in her senses, was more on her guard. She rushed from her place, darted from her bed, and as her eye forthwith directed itself to the fatal door, once more, by some imperceptible impulse, it seemed to fall to, following the invisible intruder in his retreat.

We have described Nina de Lanzi as a high-minded stout-hearted girl. Yet the reader will have some difficulty to credit the daring feat we are about to narrate.

By a degree of elasticity and presence of mind rare in a hero, she rose superior to her first stress of dismay. She seized her lamp with unquailing hand—with a steady step she made for the door.

It would be difficult to describe how she opened it. By an unconscious act of volition, the door yielded to her touch, and she found herself on the outside.

All was still there, dark and lonely. The buzz of the revellers from the state apartments came faint, stifled by distance.

The Professor's villa was a straggling mansion, all on one floor. Nina's chamber, the best spare bed room, opened into a square landing. The door on the right led to the state apartments, and from these the hum of confused voices was audible. On the opposite side was a long gallery, and at the termination of this a dark door loomed ominously in the distance.

Nina stepped out into the landing. Only for two or three days an inmate of the house, she allowed herself to be guided by instinct. She crossed the landing and darted into the unknown corridor.

The objects around danced and swam before her eyes. The door at the end of the gallery seemed to swing on its hinges; and when the venturous girl reached it she found it ajar.

There was a short pause. A qualm of irresolution sickened her at heart. The lamp shook in her hand.

Once more she rallied; with her bare foot she pushed open the door. She stood within the threshhold.

The floor was strewn with sand, which grated under her feet. The walls were bare, dank; a long table covered by a white cloth, stood in the middle.

The girl went up to it. She lifted up the sheet. The shrunken features of the dead were grinning before her. She was in the Professor's dissecting room.

It was the corpse of a man in the prime of youth. It came nameless to the house, merely labelled No. 373, from the hospital. Busy with his festive preparations, Professor Mascagni had not even found time to pay a visit to the "subject" in his laboratory. He was a stranger in town, unknown at the asylum, where he had laid himself down to die.

Happy and young, Nina de Lanzi had never before looked on the solemn aspect of death. She gazed at it in speechless fascination. To her startled fancy the body seemed instinct with life. It breathed; its chill breath reached her; the lips quivered—they glowed yet, with the voluptuousness of the kiss they had stolen.

A piercing shriek, a heavy fall on the floor, soon caused a rush from the alarmed revellers in the hall. Nina revived after a few minutes; but her entire recovery from the ghastly scene was the work of years.

Two of these were spent with her mother at Rimini, ere she felt sufficient strength to stand up to the altar, to utter the solemn vows which were to bind her to the fortunate Lorenzo da Rizzo.

Even in that occurrence, a misgiving, as if the warm hand which clasped hers might be superseded by the icy fingers of death, irresistibly crept to her heart. Deadly paleness stood on her cheeks, and she glanced uneasily around. But two years' burial had, as it seems, cooled the posthumous admiration of the dreaded No. 373, and the bestowal of the "Lily hand" was suffered to go through without further interruption.

Even after many years of wedded life, Nina's hand—we will not venture to say how carefully it lay hid under the blankets—was never exhibited ungloved in a ball-room.

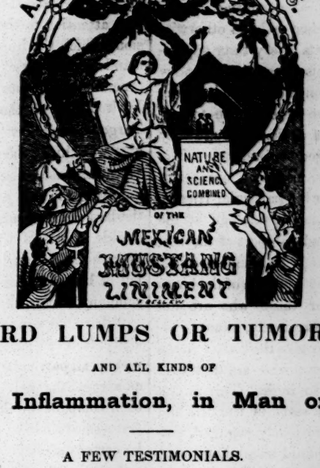
Reader, has not this story a moral?

* The public promenade of Bologna.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,



ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—

We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.

Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,

CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.

We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c, or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person. By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all those discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.

Yours, very truly,
WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable.* When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at **25** cents—**50** cents—and **1** dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.